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MAJOR PETER RONAN.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

Flathead Indian Nation

From the Year 1813 to 1890.

Embracing the History of the Establishment of St. Mary's Indian Mission in the Bitter Root Valley, Mont.

With Sketches of the Missionary Life of Father Ravalli and Other Early Missionaries.

WARS of the BLACKFEET and FLATHEADS

And Sketches of History, Trapping and Trading in the Early Days, with Illustrations.

BY PETER RONAN,

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PREFACE.

The compiling of this little work was done by the author at the Flathead Agency, Montana, during leisure hours. It was published in the Helena Montana Journal, and from the columns of that paper transferred into book form. At the solicitation of friends it has been sent out in its present shape. No merit is claimed for the work, except that it is a plain historical sketch of the Flathead Indian nation, from 1813, to present date, with the history of the establishment of St. Mary's Mission, by Father DeSmet, and scenes and incidents of the olden times in Montana.

THE AUTHOR.

Flathead Agency, 1890.

SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS.

Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River.

McMillan's Trading Post, at mouth of Missoula River.

First Celebration of Christmas by white men in Montana.

Torturing a Blackfoot prisoner.

War between the Flatheads and the Blackfeet.

Good Traits of the Flatheads.

The War Chief.

Indian Cure for Rheumatism.

Flathead Code of Morality.

Flathead Tradition in Respect to Beavers.

The Name Flathead a Misnomer.

Description of the real Flatheads and the Mode of Flattening the Heads.

Marriage of Piere Michael.

At the Spokane Trading Post.

Letter from Okimagen, Feb. 1814.

St. Mary's Mission, in the Bitter Root Valley.

The Flathead Tribe send a Delegation of Indians to St. Louis, in 1836, to bring them Catholic Missionaries, but they never returned.

A Second Delegation sent in 1837—all killed by Sioux Indians.

A Third Expedition successful in reaching St. Louis, in 1839.

Father DeSmet accompanied the Indians back to the Rocky Mountains.

St. Mary's Mission Established in 1841.

First Seed planted in Montana in 1842.

Arrival of Father Anthony Ravalli.

First Grist and Saw Mill Erected in Montana,

Jealousies of the Trappers and Fur Traders.

St. Mary's Mission Abandoned.

Major Owen's Acquisition of Fort Owen.

Wreck of the Missionaries at Horse Plains and Thompson Falls.

St. Ignatius Mission Established in 1854.

St. Mary's Mission Re-Established in 1866.

The Great Explorers, Lewis and Clarke, among the Flathead Indians

Election of Chief Victor.

An Indian Buffalo Hunt in Old Times.

Official visit of Senator G. C. Vest, of Missouri, and Major Martin Maginnis, Representative from Montana.

Council with the Indians at Flathead Agency.

Council with Chief Charlot at St. Mary's Mission.

Description of Chief Charlot.

The Treaty Between Governor Stevens and Chief Victor.

President Garfield's Agreement with Chief Charlot and the Signatures Attached to the same.

Synopsis of the Official Report of Senator Vest and Representative Maginnis.

Visit to Washington of Chief Charlot and Delegation of Indians accompanied by Agent Ronan.

A Council Between the Agent, and Chief Charlot's band at St. Mary's Mission.

Number of Indians Living in Bitter Root Valley in 1884.

Council held in 1884, Represented on the part of the United States by Hon. J. K. McCammon, Assistant Attorney General of the Interior Department, Hon. W. F Sanders, on the part of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Indians Represented by Chief Michael, Chief Eneas and Chief Arlee.

Sketch of the last of the War Chiefs, Arlee. Adolph and Big Canoe

Bulwer's translation of Schiller's Burial Song.

IN YE OLDEN DAYS

A History of the Flathead Indian Nation and Its Decline.

BLACKFEET WARS OF EXTERMINATION

The First Christmas Celebrated by White Men in Montana—The Early Traders of the Missoula River.

By Major Peter Ronan.

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On Thursday, the 17th of October, 1811, there sailed from New York for Astoria the good ship Beaver, owned and outfitted by John Jacob Astor, the founder of the great Northwest Fur company. Among the cabin passengers was a young man by the name of Cox, who, upon his return to England, in 1817, wrote "Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River," and to his narative I am indebted for much of the early information contained in those pages concerning the Flathead Indians of Montana. After the arrival of the ship at Astoria, Mr. Cox was sent with a large party of hunters and trappers to explore and establish trading posts on the upper waters and tributaries of the Columbia river.

The following is an extract from the letter of instructions, sent from headquarters at Astoria to Mr. Cox, who was then trading for the company at Okanagan. "You will assume the immediate management of the brigade and everything

also during the voyage, and make the best of your way to Spokane House, where you will make as little delay as possible. From thence you will proceed to join Mr. McMillin at the Flatheads; and if you are reduced to eat horses, either at Spokane or further on, they ought to be the worst."

The liberal writer of this economical advice was one of the chief managers of Mr. Astor's trading post at Astoria, and was spoken of in other respects to be a very worthy, good natured individual. At Spokane several horses had to be killed for food, but as Mr. Cox was noted as a good liver and fond of the substantial fat and lean, candidly confessed that in his choice of horses for the kettle, he willfully departed from his instructions by selecting those whose ribs were least visible.

On the 24th of December, 1813, McMillan's trading post was reached. The fort was situated on a point at the mouth of the Missoula river, and described as formed by the junction of a bold mountain torrent with the Flathead river. and surrounded on all sides with high and thickly wooded hills, covered with pine, spruce, larch, beech, birch and cedar. The Flathead river is now called the Pend d'Oreille river, but appears on the maps from its junction with the Missoula river as Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. At this point, which is now the western boundary of the Flathead reservation, as before stated, McMillan erected his fort. It had a good trading store, a comfortable house for the men, and snug quarters for the officer of the company in charge, his clerk and assistants. The Montana historian may safely record those buildings as the first ever erected within the broad

limits of her boundaries. Here Mr. Cox and his fellow-voyagers took up their winter quarters. A large band of Flathead warriors were encamped about the fort. They had recently returned from the Buffalo country and had avenged their defeat of the preceding year by a signal victory over their enemies, the Blackfeet, several of whose warriors, with their women, they had taken prisoners. McMillan's tobacco and stock of trading goods had been entirely expended previous to this arrival, and the Indians were much in want of ammunition; the goods brought were therefore a source of great joy to both parties. The natives smoked the much loved weed for several days successively. The hunters killed a few mountain sheep, and Cox brought up a bag of flour, a bag of rice, plenty of tea and coffee, some arrowroot, and fifteen gallons of prime rum.

There was celebrated the first Christmas ever celebrated by white men in Montana territory. Mr. Cox says: "We spent a comparatively happy Christmas, and by the side of a blazing fire in a warm room, forgot the sufferings we endured in our dreary progress through the woods. There was, however in the midst of our festivities a great drawback, from the pleasure we should otherwise have enjoyed. I allude to the unfortunate Blackfeet who had been captured by the Flatheads. Having been informed that they were about putting one of their prisoners to death, I went to their camp to witness the spectacle. The man was tied to a tree, after which they heated an old barrel of a gun until it became red hot, with which they burned him on the legs, thighs, neck, cheek and stomach. They then com-

menced cutting the flesh from about the nails, which they pulled out, and next separated the fingers from the hand joint by joint. During the performance of these cruelties, the wretched captive never winced, and instead of suing for mercy he added fresh stimulants to their barbarous ingenuity by the most irritating reproaches, part of which our interpreter translated as follows: "My heart is strong; you do not hurt me; you can't hurt me; you are fools; you do not know how to torture: try it again; I don't feel any pain yet. We torture your relations a great deal better, because we make them cry out loud, like little children. You are not brave—you have small hearts, and you are always afraid to fight."

Then addressing one in particular he said: "It was by my arrow you lost your eye;" upon which the Flathead darted at him and with a knife in a moment scooped out one of his eyes, at the same time cutting the bridge of his nose almost in two. This did not stop him; with the remaining eye he looked sternly at another and said, "I killed your brother, and I scalped your old fool of a rather." The warrior to whom this was addressed instantly sprung at him and separated the scalp from his head. He was then about plunging a knife in his heart, until he was told by the chief to desist. The raw scull, bloody socket and mutilated nose now presented a horrible appearance, but by no means changed his tone of defiance.

"It was I," said he to the chief, "that made your wife a prisoner last fall—we put put out her eyes; we tore out her tongue; we treated her like a dog. Forty of our young warriors—" The chief became incensed the moment his

wife's name was mentioned; he seized his gun and, before the last sentence was ended, a ball from it passed through the brave fellow's heart and terminated his frightful sufferings. Shocking, however, as this dreadful exhibition was, it was far exceeded by the atrocious cruelties practiced on the female prisoners. We remonstrated against the exercise of such horrible cruelties. They replied by saying the Blackfeet treated their prisoners in the same manner; that it was the course adopted by all red warriors, and that they could not think of giving up the gratification of their revenge to the foolish and womanish feelings of white men.

Shortly after this we observed a young female led forth, apparently not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, surrounded by some old women, who were conducting her to one end of the village, whither they were followed by a number of young men. Having learned the infamous intentions of her conquerors, and feeling interested for the unfortunate victim, we renewed our remonstrances, but received nearly the same answer as before. Finding them still inflexible, and wishing to adopt every means in our power consistent with safety, in the cause of humanity, we ordered our interpreter to acquaint them that, highly as we valued their friendship and much as we esteemed their furs, we would quit their country for ever unless they discontinued their unmanly and disgraceful cruelties to their prisoners. This had the desired effect, and the miserable captive was led back to her sorrowing group of friends. Our interference was nearly rendered ineffectual by the furious old priestesses who had been conducting her to the

sacrifice. They told the young warriors they were cowards, fools and had not the hearts of fleas, and called on them in the names of their mothers, sisters and wives to follow the steps of their forefathers and have their revenge on the dogs of Blackfeet. They began to waver, but we affected not to understand what the old women had been saying. We told them that this act of self-denial on their part was peculiarly grateful to the white men, and by it they would secure our permanent residence among them, and in return for their furs be always furnished with guns and ammunition sufficient to repel the attacks of their old enemies, and preserve their relations from being made prisoners. This decided the doubtful and the chief promised faithfully that no more tortures should be inflicted on the prisoners, which I believe was rigidly adhered to, at least during the winter of 1813.

The Flatheads were formerly much more numerous than they were at this period, but owing to the constant hostilities between them and the Blackfeet Indians their numbers had been greatly diminished. While pride, policy, ambition, self-preservation, or the love of aggrandizement, often deluges the civilized world with Christian blood, the only cause assigned by the natives of whom I write for their perpetual warfare, is the love of buffalo. There are extensive plains to the eastward of the mountains frequented in the summer and autumnal months by numerous herds of buffalo. Hither the river tribes repair to hunt those animals, that they may procure as much of their meat as will supply them until the succeeding season. In these ex-

cursions they often meet and the most sanguinary conflicts follow.

"The Blackfeet claimed all of that part of the country immediately at the foot of the mountains, east of the main range, which was most frequented by the buffalo; and alleged that the Flatheads, by resorting thither to hunt, were intruders whom they were bound to oppose on all occasions. The latter, on the contrary, asserted that their forefathers had always claimed and exercised the right of hunting on these disputed lands; and that while one of their warriors remained alive the right should not be relinquished. The consequence of these continued wars was dreadful, particularly to the Flatheads, who, being the weaker in numbers, were generally the greatest sufferers. Independent of their inferiority in this respect, their enemy had another great advantage in the use of firearms, which they obtained from the company's trading posts established in the department of Forts des Prairies. To those the Flatheads had nothing to oppose but arrows and their own undaunted bravery. Every year previous to the coming of McMillan's party witnessed the gradual diminution of their numbers, and total annihilation would shortly have been the consequence but for the establishment of the trading post at the mouth of the Missoula, and the arrival of Cox and his party with a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition for trade. They were overjoyed at having an opportunity of purchasing them, and quickly stocked themselves with a sufficient huantity of both.

From this moment affairs took a decided change in their favor, and in their subsequent contests the numbers of killed,

wounded and prisoners were more equal. The Blackfeet became enraged at this, and declared to the company's people at Fort des Prairies that all white men who might fall into their hands, to the westward of the mountains, would be treated by them as enemies, in consequence of their furnishing the Flatheads with weapons which were used with such deadly effect against their nation. This threat, as will appear hereafter, was strictly put in execution. The lands of the Flatheads, in those days were well stocked with deer, mountain sheep, bears, mountain goat, wild fowl and fish, and when an endeavor was made to induce them to give up such dangerous expeditions and confine themselves to the produce of their own country, they replied that their fathers had always hunted on the buffalo grounds; that they were accustomed to do the same thing from their infancy, and they would not now abandon a practice which existed for generations among their people.

Mr. Cox stated in his writings of those early days, that with exception of the cruel treatment of their prisoners (which as it was general among all Indians, must not be imputed to them as a peculiar vice) Flatheads had fewer failings than any of the tribes he ever met with. He described them as honest in their dealings, brave in the field, quiet and amenable to their chiefs, fond of cleanliness, and decided enemies to falsehood of every description. The women were excellent wives and mothers and their character for fidelity so well established that the early traveler and trader bears witness that he never heard of an instance of one of them proving unfaithful to her husband.

They were also free from the vice of back biting, so common among the lower tribes, and laziness was a stranger among them. Both sexes were described as comparatively very fair, and their complexions a shade lighter than the palest new copper after being freshly rubbed. They are remarkably well made, rather slender and very seldom corpulent. The dress of the men in those days consisted solely of long leggings, which reached from the ankles to the hips, and were fastened by strings to a leathern belt around the waist, and a shirt of dressed deer skin with loose hanging sleeves, which fell down to their knees. The outside seams of the leggings and shirt sleeves had fringes of leather. The women were covered by a loose robe of the same material reaching from the neck to the feet, and ornamented with fringes, beads, hawk-bills and thimbles. The dresses of both were regularly cleaned with pipe clay, which abounds in parts of the country. They had no permanent covering for the head, but in wet or stormy weather sheltered it by part of a buffalo robe, which completely answered all purposes of a surtout. The principal chief of the tribe was hereditary; but from their constant wars they adopted the wise and salutary custom of electing as their leader in battle that warrior in whom the greatest portions of wisdom, strength and bravery were combined. The election took place every year, and it sometimes occurred that the general in one campaign became a private in the next. This "war chief," as they termed him, had no authority whatever when at home and was as any of the tribe to the heriditary chief; but

when the warriors set out on their hunting excursions to the buffalo plains, he assumed the supreme command, which he excercised with despotic sway until their return. He carried a long whip with a thick handle, decorated with scalps and feathers and generally appointed two active warriors as aides de camp. On their advance toward the enemy he always took the lead, and on their return he brought up the rear. Great regularity was observed during the march, and if any of the tribe fell out of the ranks or committed any other breach of discipline, he instantly received a flagellation from the whip of the war chieftain. He acted with the most perfect impartiality and would punish one of his subalterns for disobedience of orders with equal severity as any other offender. Custom, however, joined to a sense of tribal duty, had reconciled them to these arbitrary acts of power, which they never complained of or attempted to resent. After the conclusion of the campaign, or their arrival on their own lands his authority ceases; when the peace chief calls all the tribe together, and they proceed to a new election. There was no canvassing, caucussing, cat-hauling or intriguing, and should the last leader be superseded, he retires from his office with apparent indifference, and without betraying any symptoms of discontent. At the time of which Mr. Cox wrote the fighting chief had been five times re-elected. He was about thirty-five years of age and had killed twenty of the Blackfeet in various battles, the scalps of whom were suspended in triumphal pride from a pole at the door of his lodge. His wife had been captured by the enemy the year before and her loss made

SIGNAL OF SUCCESSFUL FLATHEAD WAR PARTY

a deep impression on him. He was highly respected by all the warriors for his superior wisdom and bravery, a consciousness of which, joined to the length of time he had been accustomed to command, imparted to his manners a degree of dignity which was not remarked in any other Indian. He would not take a second wife, and when the recollection of the one he had lost came across his mind, he retired into the deepest solitude of the woods to indulge his sorrow, where some of the tribe stated they often found him calling on her spirit to appear, and invoking vengeance upon her conquerors. When these bursts of grief subsided his countenance assumed a tinge of stern melancholy, strongly indicating the mingled emotions of sorrow and unmitigated hatred of the Blackfeet. He was invited sometimes to the fort, on which occasions he was sympathized with upon his loss; but at the same time acquainted with the manner in which civilized nations made war. He was told that warriors were only made prisoners, who were never tortured or killed, and no brave white man would ever injure a female or a defenseless man; that if such a custom had prevailed among them, he would now by the exchange of prisoners be able to recover his wife, who was by their barbarous system lost to him forever; and if it were possible to bring about a peace with their enemies, the frightful horrors of war might at least be considerably softened by adopting the practice of civilized nations. It was added that he now had a glorious opportunity of commencing the career of magnanimity by sending home uninjured the captives he had made during

the last campaign; that the friends of the company on the eastern side of the mountains would exert their influence with the Blackfeet to induce them to follow his example and that ultimately it might be the means of uniting the two rival nations in the bonds of peace. He was at first opposed to making any advance, but on farther pressing he consented to make the trial, provided that the hereditary chief and the tribe started no objection. On quitting the fort he made use of the following words: "My white friends, you do not know the savage nature of the Blackfeet; they hope to exterminate the tribe of the Selish, whom you call Flatheads; they are a great deal more numerous than we are, and were it not for our bravery their object would have long ago been achieved. We shall now, according to your wishes, send back the prisoners; but remember, I tell you, that they will laugh at the interference of your relations beyond the mountains and never spare a man, woman or child that they can take of our nation. Your exertions to save blood show you are good people. If they follow our example we shall kill no more prisoners, but I tell you they will laugh at you and call you fools."

The war chief, true to his words, assembled the elders and warriors, to whom he represented the subject of the discourse, and, after a long speech, advised them to make the trial, which would please their white friends and show their readiness to avoid unnecessary cruelty. Such an unexpected proposition gave rise to an animated debate, which continued for some time, but being supported by a man for whom they entertained so much respect, it was finally car-

ried, and it was determined to send home the Blackfeet on the breaking up of the winter. The traders undertook to furnish them with horses and provisions for their journey, or to pay the Flatheads for so doing. This was agreed to, and about the middle of March the prisoners took their departure tolerably well mounted, and with dried meat enough to take them to their friends. Mr. McMillan who had passed three years in the Blackfoot country, and was acquainted with their language, informed them of the exertions used to save their lives and prevent farther repetitions of torture; and requested them particularly to mention the circumstance to their countrymen, in order that they might adopt a similar proceeding. Letters were also sent by them to the gentlemen in charge of the different establishments at Forts des Prairies, detailing the matter. and impressing on them the necessity of their attempting to induce the Blackfeet in their vicinity to follow the example set them by the Flatheads.

In those days the Flatheads were a healthy tribe and subject to few diseases. Common fractures caused by an occasional pitch off a horse, or a fall down a declivity in the ardor of hunting, were cured by tight bandages and pieces of wood like staves placed longitudinally around the part, to which they were secured by leathern thongs. For contusions they generally bled either in the temples, arms, wrists or ankles with pieces of sharp flint, or heads of arrows. Mr. Cox relates that he experienced some acute rheumatic attacks. An old Indian proposed to relieve him provided he consented to follow the mode of cure practiced by him in similar cases on young warriors of

the tribe. On inquiring the method he intended to pursue he replied that it merely consisted in getting up early every morning for some weeks and plunging into the river and to leave the rest to him. This was a most chilling proposition, for the river was firmly frozen, and an opening had to be made in the ice preparatory to each immersion. The patient asked him: "Would it not answer equally well to have the water brought to the bed warm?" But he shook his head and replied that he was surprised that a young white chief who ought to be wise should ask so foolish a question. As rheumatism was a stranger among Indians, and as he was upwards of three thousand miles from any professional assistance, he determined to adopt the disagreeable expedient, and commenced operations the following morning. The Indian first broke a hole in the ice sufficiently large to admit both. Enveloped in a large buffalo robe the patient proceeded to the spot, and throwing off his covering, with the Flathead jumped into the frigid orifice together. The Indian immediately commenced rubbing the shoulders, back and loins of the white man, whose hair in the meantime became ornamented with icicles, and while the lower joints were undergoing their friction, his face, neck and shoulders were encased in a thin covering of ice. On getting released he was rolled in a blanket and taken back to the bed room, in which a good fire was burning, and in a few minutes he experienced a warm glow all over his body. Chilling and disagreeable as those ablutions were, yet, as he found them so beneficial, he continued them for twenty-five days, at the expiration of which his

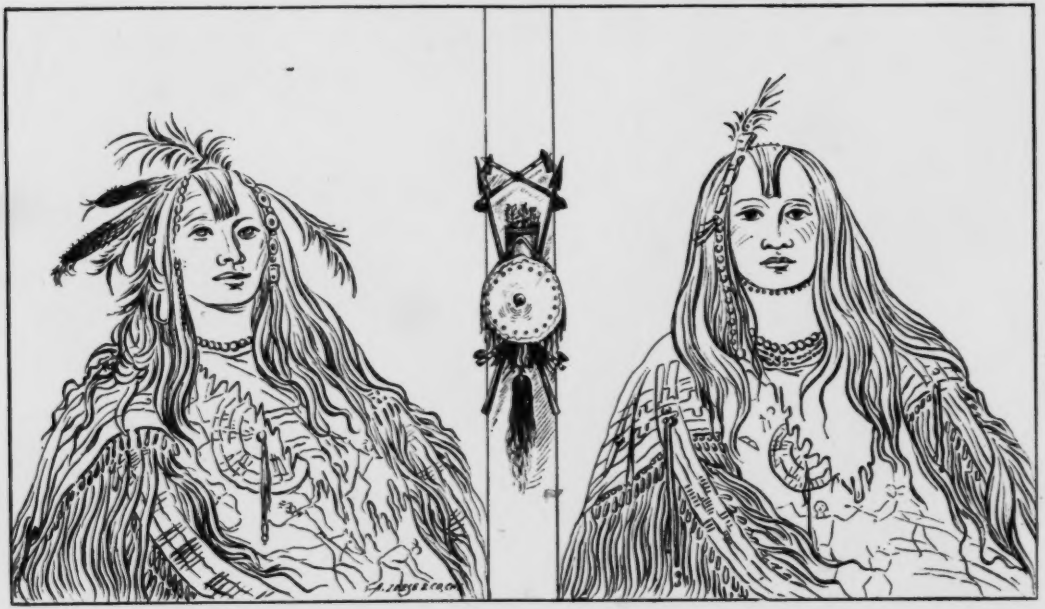
physician was pleased to say that no more were necessary, and that his patient had done his duty like a wise man. He stated that he was never after troubled with a rheumatic pain.

In the early times the Flatheads believed in the existence of a god and evil spirit, and consequently in a future state of reward and punishment. They held that after death the good Indian went to a country in which there was perpetual summer; that he would meet his wife and children; that the rivers would abound with fish, and the plains with the much loved buffalo; and that he will spend this time in hunting and fishing, free from the terrors of war, or the apprehensions of cold or famine. The bad man, they believed, would go to a place covered with eternal snow; that he would always be shivering with cold, and would see fires at a distance which he could not enjoy; water which he cannot procure to quench his thirst, and buffalo and deer which he cannot kill to appease his hunger. An impenetrable wood, full of wolves, panthers and serpents separates these "shrinking slaves of winter" from their more fortunate brethren in the "meadows of ease." Their punishment is not, however, eternal, and according to the different shades of their crimes they are sooner or later emancipated and permitted to join their friends in the Elysean fields.

Their code of morality, although short, was comprehensive. They held that honesty, bravery, love of truth, attention to parents, obedience to their chiefs and affection for their wives and children are the principal virtues which entitle them to the place of happiness, while the opposite vices

condemn to that of misery. They had a curious tradition with respect to beavers. They firmly believed that these animals were a fallen race of Indians, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape; but that in due time they will be restored to their speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member.

The readers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, now fast disappearing from our waters; with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months, but few are aware of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking; to see them anxiously looking up watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and, when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed When the tree is prostrate they quickly strip it of its branches, after which with their dental chisels they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths which they roll



THE INDIANS WHO CONDUCTED FATHER DE SMET FROM ST. LOUIS TO ESTABLISH ST. MARY'S MISSION IN THE BITTER ROOT VALLEY--FROM A PAINTING BY GEO. CATLIN

to the rivulet across which they intent to erect their houses. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others; and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness. Should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are therefore obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of winter.

Even in those early times the hunters and trappers could not discover why the Blackfeet and Flatheads received their respective designations, for the feet of the former are no more inclined to sable than any other part of the body, while the heads of the latter possess their fair proportion of rotundity. Indeed it is only below the falls and rapids that real Flatheads appear, and at the mouth of the Columbia that they flourish most supernaturally.

The tribes who practice the custom of flattening the head, and who lived at the mouth of the Columbia, differed little from each other in laws, manners or customs, and were composed of the Cathlamahs, Killmucks, Clatsops, Chinooks and Chilts. The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among them all. Immediately after birth, wrote Mr. Cox, in 1814, the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle formed like a trough, with moss under it.

One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then pressed upon the forehead, with a piece of cedar bark over it, and by means of cords passed through small holes in each side of the cradle, the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression is frightful, and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. When released from this inhuman process the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity. They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of Charles I. never entertained a stronger aversion to a Roundhead than these savages. Dr. Swan, in examining some skulls taken to England, confessed that nothing short of ocular demonstration could have convinced him of the possibility of moulding the human head into such a form.

They allege, as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads; and accordingly every child of a bondsman who is not adopted by the tribe inherits not only his father's degradation but his parental rotundity of cranium. Why the great Selish tribe of Montana were called Flatheads will ever remain a mystery. The Indians do not know by what means they came to be called Flatheads.

Mr. Cox speaks of the marriage, in the winter of 1813, at their fort, at the mouth of he Missoula river, of Piere Michel, the

hunter, guide and interpreter of the expedition. As the descendents of the same Piere Michel are now among the very best Indians of the Flathead reservation, I shall give the account of the marriage as it is probably the earliest recorded in the annals of Montana. It appears Michel accompanied the Flatheads on two of their war campaigns and by his unerring aim and undaunted bravery won the affection of the whole tribe. He was the son of a respectable Canadian by an Indian mother. The war chief in particular paid great attention to his opinion, and consulted him in any difficult matter. Michel wanted a wife; and having succeeded in gaining the affection of a handsome girl about 16 years of age, and niece to the heriditary chief, he made a formal proposal for her. A council was thereupon called, at which her uncle presided, to take Michel's offer into consideration. One young warrior loved her and had obtained a previous promise from her mother that she should be his. He, therefore, with all his relations, strongly opposed her union with Piere, and urged his own claims which had been sanctioned by her mother. The war chief asked him if she had ever promised to become his wife; he replied in the negative. The chief then addressed the council, and particularly the lover, in favor of Michel's suit; pointing out the great service he had rendered the tribe by his bravery and dwelling strongly on the policy of uniting him more firmly to their interests by consenting to the proposed marriage, which he said would forever make him as one of their brothers. His influence predominated, and the unsuccessful rival immediately after shook hands with Michel and told the young

woman, as he could not be her husband, he hoped she would always regard him as her brother. This she readily promised to do, and so ended the opposition. The happy Piere presented a gun to her uncle, some cloth, calico, and ornaments to her female relatives; with a pistol and handsome dagger to his friend. He proceeded in the evening to the chief's lodge, where a number of her friends had assembled to smoke. Here she received a lecture from the old man, her mother and a few other ancients on her duty as a wife and mother. They strongly exhorted her to be chaste, obedient, industrious and silent; and when absent with her husband among her tribes always to stay at home, and have no intercourse with strange Indians. She then retired with the old woman to an adjoining hut, where she underwent an ablution and bade adieu to her buckskin chemise, the place of which was supplied by one of gingham, to which was added a calico and green cloth petticoat and a gown of blue cloth. After this was over she was conducted back to her uncle's lodge, where she received farther advice as to her future conduct. A procession was then formed by the two chiefs, and several warriors carrying blazing torches of pitch pine, to escort the bride and her husband to the fort. They began singing war songs in praise of Michel's bravery, and of their triumph over the Blackfeet. She was surrounded by a group of young and old women, some of whom were rejoicing and others crying. The men moved on first in a slow, solemn pace, still chanting their war song. The women followed at a short distance, and when the whole party arrived in front of the fort they formed a cir-

cle and commenced dancing and singing, which they kept up about twenty minutes. After this the calumet of peace went around once more, and when the smoke of the last whiffs had disappeared, Michel shook hands with his late rival, embraced the chiefs and conducted his bride to his room. Michel was the only person of the party to whom the Flatheads would give one of their women in marriage.

On the 4th of April, 1814, Mr. Cox and his party took leave of the fort and the Flathead camp at the mouth of the Missoula river, on their way to Spokane house, while they proceeded to make preparations for the ensuing summer's campaign in the fur business. On the 15th they arrived at Spokane house, and as the site of that ancient fur trading post is now in the heart of the booming city of Spokane, in Washington territory, I cannot refrain from copying the subjoined letter, written by McGillivray from Okanagan, in the same territory, at which place he had wintered, but for want of conveyance could not be forwarded to the fort at the mouth of the Missoula river. Although accustomed to the style of living on the eastern side of the mountains and well acquainted with Indians, this was his first winter on the Columbia, and for information of the hatred of those Englishmen, engaged under the name of "American Fur company," to everything American, I shall give an extract from one of his letters:

OAKINAGAN, Feb., 1814.

"This is a horrible dull place. Here I have been since you parted from us, perfectly solus. My men, half Canadians and half Sandwich Islanders. The library is wretched and no chance of my own books till next

year; when the Athalasca men cross the mountains. If you, or my friends at Spokane, do not send me a few volumes I shall absolutely die of ennui. The Indians here are incontestably the most indolent rascals I ever met, and I assure it requires no small degree of authority, with the few men I have, to keep them in order.

The snow is between two and three feet deep, and my trio of Owhyee generals find a sensible difference between such hyperborean weather and the pleasing sunshine of their own tropical paradise. Poor fellows! They are not adapted for these latitudes, and I heartily wish they were at home in their own sweet islands, and sporting in the 'blue summer ocean' that surrounds them. I have not as yet made a pack of beaver. The lazy Indians won't work.

I have hitherto principally subsisted on horseflesh. I cannot say it agrees with me.

I have had plenty of pork, rice, arrowroot, flour, taroroot, tea and coffee; no sugar. With such a variety you will say I ought not to complain, but want of society has destroyed my relish for luxuries, and the only articles I taste above par are souching and molasses. What a contrast between the manner I spent last year and this! In the first, with all the pride of a newly created subaltern, occasionally fighting the Yankees "a la mode du pays," and anon sporting my silver wings before some admiring "paysanne" along the frontiers. Then what a glorious winter in Montreal, with captured Jonathans, triumphant Britons, astonished Indians, gaping "habitants," agitated beauties, balls, routs, dinners, suppers, parades, drums beating, colors flying, with all other pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious

war! But Othello's occupation is gone! and here I am with a shivering guard of poor islanders, buried in snow, sipping molasses, smoking tobacco, and masticating horse flesh.

ST. MARY'S MISSION,

situated in the valley of the Bitter Root, in Missoula county, Montana territory, was established by Catholic missionaries belonging to the Society of Jesus; among the Flathead Indians, who made their home in that lovely and picturesque valley in the year 1841. These Indians, whose heads are not at all flattened, as the name given to them by some misinformed traveler might be inferred were living a nomadic life before the missionaries came among them, and were brave in war with other tribes of Indians who were their enemies. The Flatheads have always been friendly to the white race, and until this date it is their proud boast that the blood of a white man never stained the hand of a Flathead Indian! Though addicted to some superstitious practices common to Indians of all tribes, they had learned religious observances from Iriquois Indians, who in their hunting and trapping excursions had penetrated into the Bitter Root valley from their homes in the British possessions, where some of them intermarried with the Flatheads and remarried with that tribe.

The Flatheads hearing the Iriquois teaching the Catholic religion and prayers to their children, which had been inculcated and taught to the latter by the Jesuit Fathers, in their far off homes, where that self sacrificing order had sought the Iriquois in their lairs and taught and converted them to the Catholic faith years before their advent

among the Flathead Indians. A great desire arose in the hearts of the Flathead tribe to learn more about the word of God and to have missionaries among them to instruct them in religion. The Iriquois advised a delegation of Indians to be sent to St. Louis to lay their wishes before the black gowns as the Jesuit fathers were designated by the Iriquois. A council of the Indians was called by their chief and the proposition to send to St. Louis for Catholic missionaries was fully discussed. What an undertaking for those wild, untutored sons of the Rocky Mountains, none of whom had ever seen a white settlement, and encountered but few white men in their lives —and those were almost as wild and untutored as the Indians, being hunters and trappers in the employment of the Hudson Bay company. But their enthusiasm was aroused and the thousands of miles to be traversed over trackless mountains, treeless plains, sandy deserts, rocky canons and deep, wide and rushing rivers— and their path beset on every side by implacable enemies of other tribes eagerly watching for an opportunity to waylay them with the scalping knife and the tomahawk. But it was possible that they could reach St. Louis, and four of them volunteered to undertake the long and dangerous journey. They started in the spring of the year 1836, but they did not come back, nor were they ever heard from. Whether killed while passing through the roaming places of their enemies or died of sickness or fatigue on their wearisome journey has never been known.

The next year, 1837, three Flatheads, a Nez Perces Indian and an Iropuois, the latter the

father of Francois, a worthy and wealthy Indian, who at this date is still a resident of Bitter Root valley and is well and favorably known by the settlers, started for St. Louis on a similar errand, but were all killed by the Sioux in Ash Hollow, on the South Platte. When the delegation reached Fort Laramie, they were joined by W. H. Gray, who afterwards wrote a history of Oregon, who is yet a hale and hearty old man and an honored citizen of Astoria, Oregon. Mr. Gray was on his way from Astoria to Montreal, with a party of voyagers, having in charge a boy by the name of Ermintinger, whose mother was a squaw, and whose father was one of the principal managers of the Northwest Fur Company's post at Astoria. The father was sending his boy back to Montreal in charge of Mr. Gray for the purpose of sending him to school. The Flathead delegation journeyed on with this party, but were met, as stated, in Ash Hollow by a war party of Sioux, who demanded of Gray to what tribe the Indians belonged who were journeying through their country with him. Mr. Gray, knowing that the Flatheads and Sioux were at war with each other, in order to save their lives, replied that they were Snake Indians. The war chief then told Gray to get out of the way with his white companions, as it was his intention to slay the Indians whom he said were Snakes, as they were the enemies of the Sioux. The father of Francois, the Iroquois, who was dressed like a white man, was told by the Sioux warrior to get out of the way with Gray and his companions, as they did not want to kill him. But the brave and generous Iriquois replied that he was willing to take chances with his companions, and all

prepared for resistance. Of course the whole party of Flatheads, including the Iriquois, and the Nez Perces Indians were slain and scalped after a desperate fight, in which Mr. Gray, young Ermintinger, and others of Gray's party, took a hand in defense of the Flatheads. Gray was shot in the forehead, and exhibited the bullet wound to the writer in the winter of 1883, while on his way east with the Oregon pioneers, over the Northern Pacific railroad. The Sioux warriors contented themselves by making prisoners of Gray's party, whom they kept in capavity for a short time with view of puting them all to death. as several Sioux were killed in the fight, and the son of the chief fell by the hand of Gray. Better council prevailed, however, and Mr. Gray and his companions were permitted to depart, and, as stated before, that gentleman is still a citizen of Astoria and wrote and published a history of Oregon. News reached the Flatheads of the tragic death of their delegation at the hands of the Sioux warriors. But this did not deter the Flatheads, and their yearnings to know more of the white man's God and religion, but only increased by the dangers which lay between them and the knowledge for which they thirsted. In 1839, two young Iroquois announced in council of the Flatheads, that notwithstanding the fate of the two previous delegations who had set out for St. Louis, they were ready to repeat the trial and conduct Catholic missionaries to the tribe. Soon after this offer, it was learned that a party of Hudson Bay employes were going to make the voyage in canoes from the head waters of the Missouri to St. Louis, and the

young Iroquois made applicationto accompany them and were accepted. In that same year the Indians arrived at St. Louis, and held audience with the Catholic bishop of that city the Right Reverend Rosati. The bishop had a scarcity of clergymen in his newly formed diocese, but offered the Jesuit fathers the new mission, and the superior of that order accepted the offer of Father De Smet to accompany the Indians back to the Rocky mountains.

In the spring of 1840 one of the Iroquois who made the voyage to St. Louis, suddenly arrived in the Flathead camp on Eight Mile creek, in the Bitter Root valley, and announced that his companion and a black gown (Father De Smet) were coming with a party of the Hudson Bay Fur company's men. Upon this announcement the chief ordered ten of his warriors to proceed ahead without delay and conduct the missionary to the Flathead camp, the chief following with the whole tribe. Father DeSmet was met by the advance warriors near Green river, and under their guide he travelled on to the head waters of the Snake river, where he met the Flathead chief and his main camp of followers. The father remained at their camp some time, and satisfied himself of the earnestness and good disposition of the Indians, decided to go back to civilization to report to his superiors and ask for assistance. He iraveled with the Indian camp to the three forks of the Missouri, and from thence he was guided by a few warriors to the next trading post, and from thence the intrepid missionary made his way back to St. Louis.

In the spring of 1841, Father De Smet and three brothers of the Society of Jesus, and two fathers of the same order, returned to the wilds of the Rocky mountains. The six were of divers nationalities. Father De Smet and two of the lay brothers were Flemish; the other two fathers belonged one to Italy, the other to France. The third brother was a Frenchman. This band of missionaries traveled from St. Louis overland, accompanied by a hunter named John Gray, who was married to an Indian woman, two Canadians and an Irishman named Fitzpatrick, acting as guide, and driving four carts and a wagon. With railroads now sweeping acr- ss the vast prairies of Dakota, Nebraska, and through the wild gorges of the Rocky mountains into Montana, few can appreciate the boldness and trepidity of this little band of Catholic missionaries, who, leaving civilization behind, plunged into a pathless wilderness and journeyed thousands of miles through the country of hostile savages, some of whom never before beheld the face of a white man. It was a long, tedious and dangerous trip, but having been undertaken for the charitable and supernatural motive of civilizing and christianizing the savages of the forests of the Rocky Mountains, all difficulties were overcome, all dangers overlooked and all fatigues joyfully borne.

When near Fort Bridger the travelers sent their hunter, John Gray, ahead, who met ten lodges of Indians and trappers, and told them that the imporiaries were coming, and besought them to go and meet them. The Indians and hunters started toward Green river and after three days traveling, while camped about five miles from Green river,

another messenger arrived at the camp and announced to them that Father DeSmet, with his companions, would arrive next day, and requested that the chief trapper, Gabriel Pradhomme, and an Iroquois Indian, who was in the camp, should go that same evening to meet the toil worn missionaries. On the next day the traveling party were conducted to the hunter's camp, where they were welcomed with that rough enthusiasm and rude hospitality born of the forest. Having rested and refreshed themselves, two of the hunters volunteered to go and find the Flathead camp, and get fresh horses to carry the fathers' baggage and provisions, their stock being worn out. In the meantime the missionaries, being almost out of provisions, Father De Smet, with an Iroquois Indian, started for Fort Hall, on Snake river, and the other missionaries and the ten lodges followed them slowly. At Fort Hall they were, after a few days, joined by Gabriel Pradhomme, who with some young Indians had driven in fresh horses for the fathers use. The whole party then started from Fo Wall tc meet the Flathead Indians, and they were found at the head of Beaverhead river, the largest tributary of the headwaters of the Missouri, and sweeps through a portion of what is now known as Beaverhead county, in Montana territory. The Indians received the Catholic fathers with every mark of respect and gratitude, and after remaining in camp for a few days they divided, some lodges accompanying the missionaries to the Bitter Root valley and the other Indians went in for their annual buffalo hunt to the Musselshell river and the Judith basin, promising to be back to the Bitter Root valley in the fall. Traveling

with the Flathead Indians the missionaries did not lose their time, but applied themselves to the acquirement of the Indian language.

Arriving at Bitter Root valley in September, 1841, they set at work to instruct the Indians, whom they found so well disposed, to embrace the Catholic faith. A church was erected and also a few rude log huts for the accommodation of the missionaries. This first settlement was built on the banks of the Bitter Root river, just southwes' of Fort Owen, where Stevensville now stands, which never was a military post, but was built and used as an Indian trading post after the settlement of the missionaries, by Major Owen.

In the meanwhile Father De Smet, with the same Iriquois Indians who accompanied him on his wearisome journey from St. Louis, and Francois Lumpre, a Canadian Frenchman, who at this date is still living in the Bitter Root valley, and has a farm about two miles west of the town of Stevensville, so called after Governor Stevens, who made a treaty with the Flathead Indians, started for Fort Colville, situated on the Columbia river, and now in Washington territory, where the English Hudson Bay company had a trading post, and at that time all the vast territory from the Columbia to Fort Hall on Snake river, now braced in the territories of Washington, Montana and Idaho, was claimed by that company as their territory and lying in British possessions. But the international boundary survey, several years afterwards, settled the question by giving the territory then in dispute to the United States. Father De Smet and his companies set out on this

long journey of over three hundred miles from the Bitter Root valley to the trading post on the Columbia, through a savage Indian country, untrodden save by Indians and trappers in the employ of the Hudson Bay company and American Fur company, to buy seed for the Indians and missionaries to sow the following spring in the Bitter Root valley.

The Flathead Indians faithful to their promise came back from their summer hunt in the fall. On the 3d day of December, 1841, about one-third of the Flathead tribe were baptized into the Catholic faith, and the others who were under religious instructions were received into the fold on Christmas day of that same year. So in a short space of time a new Christianity—the Flathead tribe at that time numbering about one thousand—was founded, and the missionaries were well pleased with the fervor of their new converts. The mission was called St. Mary's, as was called the river, and the towering snow clad peak in the range opposite the mission.

The following spring of 1842 the fathers sowed the first grain brought to the Bitter Root valley, by Father De Smet from Fort Colville, and planted some potatoes. The first year the crop of both yielded rich, to the great enjoyment and delight of the Indians, who learned for the first time how to till the soil and force it to yield a manifold crop.

Although the missionaries now had wheat they had no mill to grind it, so they were obliged for the first years either to boil the wheat or to pound it with rocks, and be satisfied with the bread made out of that coarse flour. Their principal food was

buffalo meat, which they procured from the Indians, and there were many times when they were glad to share the Indian roots and camas. Under the direction of the fathers, a few Indians built log houses close to the mission buildings. To protect themselves from the Blackfeet Indians, who at that time were coming into the valley in small war parties to steal horses and kill if an opportunity offered itself, the fathers had a palisade built around the premises, forming a large yard, where in time of danger the Indians were allowed to drive their horses at night and guard them. Twice a year it was the custom among the Indians to go a long distance hunting buffalo, leaving at home only the old people and children; at such times the danger was very great, and the fathers had to guard against surprise. At the commencement of the mission one of the fathers accompanied the hunters in their excursions, when they went out in a body, but they soon found this to be impracticable, and had to give up the good they could have done by following the camp, chiefly in instructing the Indian children at the mission. To follow the war and hunting parties of the Flatheads was a delicate position for the fathers; because, in case of any war with their enemies, and having taken prisoners, through deference to the father, the warriors would appeal for his advice as to how to deal with them and naturally his advice would incline to mercy, a quality seldom or never shown by an Indian to an enemy, and any exhibition of humanity towards a prisoner would give them the suspicion that the father was a friend of their enemy. Besides, the wild

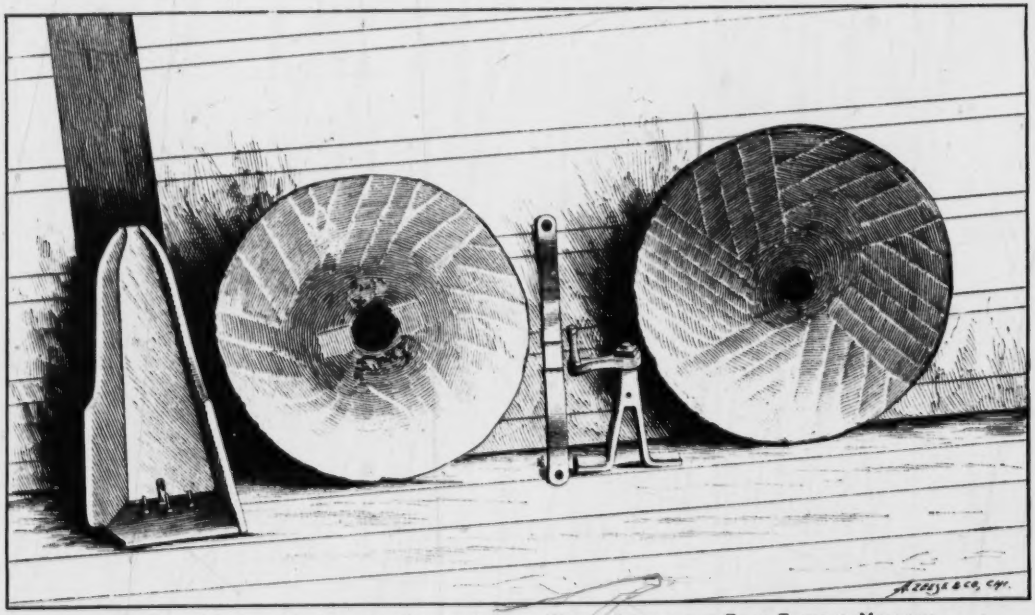
FATHER RAVALLI.

excitement of the buffalo Hunt reigned supreme in the Indian camp while on their hunting grounds, and very little room was left in their light and giddy heads for the dry lessons of the gospel. For this reason the fathers had to content themselves instructing the Indians when they could gather them at the mission.

In the spring of 1842 Father De Smet went to Europe to ask for more missionaries and for material aid, and in the fall of that year the French father, with a lay brother, was sent from Bitter Root to found the Cœur d'Alene mission, in the Cœur d'Alene mountains, and for some time there was only one father left among the Flatheads, Father Menjarini, who is now living and stationed at Santa Clara college, California.

But in the spring of 1843 there came to St. Mary's from St. Louis two more fathers and three lay brothers, but one of them, Father Heken, started in the fall of the same year with a brother for the new mission among the Cœur d'Alenes, and was sent from there the next spring to open another mission among the lower Pen d'Oreilles. Meanwhile Father DeSmet was not idle. In his voyage to Europe he had obtained from the superior of the society three Italian fathers, among whom Father Anthony Ravalli, that wonderful man, who died at the St. Mary's mission, Stevensville, Missoula county, Montana, on the 2d day of , 1884, in the 73d year of his age. The pen of the historian and biographer, the brush of the artist, and the chisel of the sculptor have already combined to preserve his blessed memory for all time, emblazoned in history, in poetry and romance and preserved in imperishable marble.

The three Italian fathers, including Father Ravalli, in company with Father De Smet, two lay brothers from Belgium and six sisters from Notre Dame, embarked at Ames in a Norwegian vessel. Rounding Cape Horn, they touched Valparaiso and Callao, crossed the treacherous bar at the mouth of the Columbia, July 31st, 1844, and on the next day landed at Fort Vancouver, whence after a few days' rest they ascended to St. Paul's prairie, on the Willammette. The great city of Portland, Oregon, was then almost a wilderness. In the spring of 1845, Father Ravalli was sent among the Kalispels, or Pend d'Oreilles, where he learned the wonderful secret of living without the necessaries of life, as the other fathers who preceded him had been doing. The father's bill of fare was principally dried buffalo meat and roots and berries. The acquisition of Father Ravalli at St. Mary's mission was a boon, and a blessing as he had studied medicine under some of the ablest physicians of Rome; and making himself an apprentice also in the artist's studio and mechanic's shop, he could handle with skill the chisel and brush of the artist as well as the tools and implements of almost every trade. It was principally to his skillfulness that the first grist mill and sawmill was put up in Montana, and run by water power. Father De Smet brought with him from Belgium two fifteen-inch millstones, which were intended to be worked by hand power but water was utilized and a saw and gristmill was set in motion, the machinery of which having been constructed out of old wagon tires, and the saw was made out of an old pit saw by filing to the proper shape the teeth. The



MILL STONE, NOW IN ST. IGNATIUS MISSION MUSEUM WHICH GROUND THE FIRST FLOUR IN MONTANA

capacity of the gristmill was about eight bushels a day. The process was slow, but bread could now be made from the wheat raised by the missionaries and the Indians.

Everything was now in a flourishing condition at St. Mary's mission, and the good fathers were beginning to congratulate themselves upon the success of their great and fearless undertaking, until the evil influence and jealonsies of the trappers and traders in furs, who followed the Indian hunting parties and haunted their settlements and villages, began to make itself felt. Those men —licentious, immoral and impure generally, who accepted from the great fur companies of the west, situations as trappess, hunters, etc., lead wild and desolate lives, and in their career of debauchery among the simple natives, brooked no opposition, and looked with jealous eyes upon the missionaries' teachings of Christianity and virtue, and in the councils of the Indians began to sow the seed of discontent against the missionaries for the new order of things, which deprived the christianized Indian from as many wives as he choose to take and in prohibiting debauchery of the Indian women by those lewd camp followers. The talk of the trappers against the missionaries began to give trouble and the Indians when leaving the Bitter Root valley on their annual buffalo hunt, left the fathers without any protection against the incursions of hostile tribes, particularly the Blackfeet, who took every advantage to harrass, murder and annoy the Flatheads and the missionaries of St. Mary's. Left without such protection, the Blackfeet, once at the very door of the mission, killed a half-breed boy who worked for the fathers.

Being thus harrassed and annoyed, in the spring of 1850, Father Mengarim went down to Willamette to consult with the superior of the missions. This consultation resulted in an order from the superior to abandon St. Mary's mission for an indefinite period, hence the intrepid Father Joset was sent up by the superior from Cour d' Alene mission, with an escort of christianized Indians to remove the mission and the effects of the missionaries. St. Mary's mission at that time occupied the actual site of Fort Owen. Major Owen, one of the historic characters of the first white settlers of Mantana arrived upon the scene, and to him Father Joset sold for a small consideration all the improvements of the mission, on condition as stated by that missionarie, that if in three years the community would come back, as was their intention, they could redeem their property. The intrepit Father Joset, with that great and good man, Father Ravalli, a brother and some Indians, driving four wagons, three cows and sixteen yoke of cattle, started for their destination. Major Owen, left in possession of the property of the fathers, began to build the actual fort, substituting the adobe which which now stand to the stockade. At Hellgate, just below the present site of Missoula, the missionaries divided, Father Ravalli going by the Cœur d'Alene trail, now known as the Mullen road, and Father Joset with all the baggage went by the Jocko valley, having been ordered to go down by the Pend d'Oreille river; he wintered that year with his party below the mouth of the Jocko, on the Pend d'Oreille river, near the site of Antoine Revis' present home. Assisted by the In-

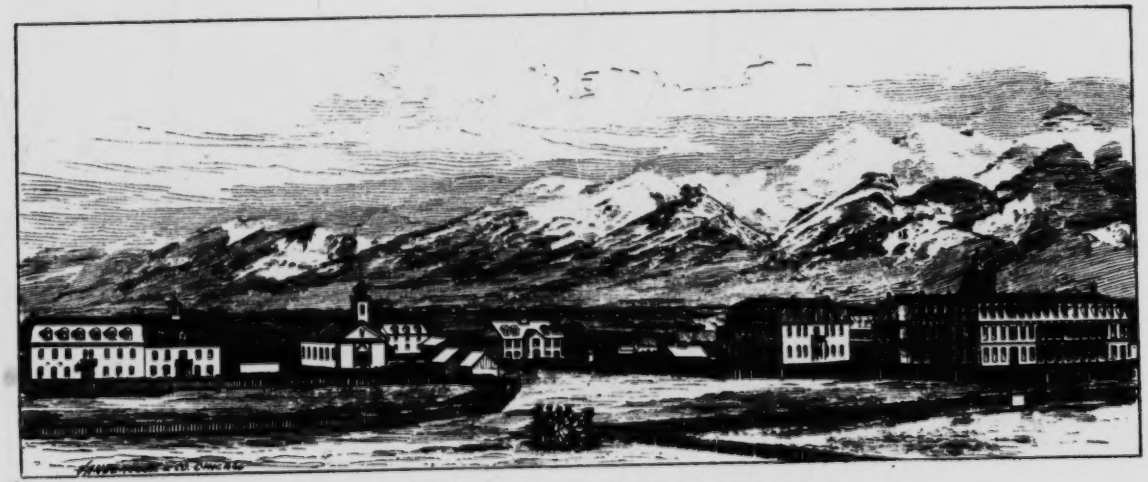
dians, among whom was the chief Victor, father of the present Chief Charles of the Bitter Root Flatheads, who accompanied Father Joset on his journey, he set to work to build five large, flat bottomed boats to convey their baggage down the treacherous and turbulent Pend d'Oreille river. It was a bold and, it must be said, an unwise plan; but the determined missionary in the spring of the next year launched his boats and committed himself, baggage and party to the rushing waters of that swift and rapid river, but the voyagers were destined to wreck a raft near Horse Plains before they proceeded over sixty miles of their journey, upon which was loaded their wagons, hand cars and other property; then at Thompson Falls, a few miles further down the river, two of the boats were wrecked and all the cargo lost. Fortunately no lives were lost, and after a long journey through the wilderness, the worn wanderers arrived at their destination

It was not until the fall of 1854 that the missionaries came back; but instead of re-establishing St. Mary's mission again in the Bitter Root valley they opened St. Ignatius mission, that now flourishing institution on the Flathead reservation. The location of the mission established among the lower Calispels or Pend d'Oreilles in 1844, on Clark's fork of the Columbia, was found unfit for a mission because of the scarcity of arable land and also because of the extensive floods which inundated the country in the spring of the year. Determined to abandon that place, and looking for a location where they could have more land, and where they could gather both the lower and upper Calispels, they chose the actual site of St.

Ignatius, where it now stands, a monument to the sagacity and forethought of those fathers. By such choice it was thought the central position among the different tribes would concentrate them around St Ignatius, and that the Flatheads would forsake the Bitter Root valley for a home near the new mission, and settle down among the Calispels, as the tribes spoke the same language and were allied and related by intermarriage. The founders of St. Ignatius mission were Father Hoken and Father Minetry, the latter a venerable Jesuit and at this date the parish priest of Missoula. In the spring of 1855, for the Easter festival, there was gathered at the new mission of St. Ignatius not less than one thousand Indians of mixed tribes— Calispels, Flatheads, Nez Perces and Kootenais, and of whom one hundred and fifty adults were baptized on Christmas day of that year.

Very few of the Flatheads left the Bitter Root valley to settle on the Jocko reservation, and it was decided to attend to their spiritual wants by again re-establishing St. Mary's mission at its original locality. In the fall of 1866 Father Geordi, s. j., with a lay brother was sent to Bitter Root to re-open the mission and re-established it at its present locality. In 1864, before the return of Father Geordi to St. Mary's, two other missionary staticns were established in the neighborhood of Missoula, one near Frenchtown and the other at Hell Gate.

In 1867 Father Ravalei, who, after passing some time at St. Peter's mission, on Sun River in the Blackfoot country, where, owing to his great surgical skill and tender nursing, many a poor frost bitten miner owed to him life and limb that were over-



ST. IGNATIUS MISSION, FLATHEAD AGENCY

taken in the great storm which prevailed during the famous stampede from Helena to Sun river, was ordered again to St. Mary's. Montana now having become settled up to some extent by miners who flocked from east and west to her rich gold fields, Father Ravalli, besides attending to the Indians with Father Geordi, was kept constantly travelling from one mining camp to another in both capacities of priest and physician, attending to the spiritual wants of Catholic miners as well as aleviating the suffering of sick and friendless men and women who followed the gold excitement to the then wilds of the Rocky mountains, with his wonderful medical skill. There were at that time very few physicians in the country, and a great many accidents were constantly occurring in the mines as well as from fights and shooting scrapes among the wild and lawless. A large majority of those people had no means to pay a doctors fee; and often Father Ravalli was summoned from his quiet retreat at the mission of St. Mary's to ride to distant mining camps—perhaps two hundred miles away—to extract the bullets from the wounds of a desparado, to set limbs of an unfortunate miner caught in a "drift;" to sooth the sick bed of a helpless woman or her children; or to administer the last sacrament to a dying Catholic. The good father never refused his help to any man, to whatever color, nation or denomination he might belong, and always obeyed a call either from rich or poor, no matter what the distance, how rugged the trail or how dangerous the undertaking. For this reason and for the great success he had in his medical practice, and for his amiable, genial and attractive

manners he became very popular among all classes. The miners particularly noting his disinterestedness showed themselves very generous toward him, and by those means he was the principal support of St. Mary's mission.

In 1869 Father Georda having been elected provincinal or superior general of all the Jesuite missions in the Rocky mountains, and being obliged to visit them, Father D'Astie. S. J., took his place in the Bitter Root at St. Mary's, and with Father Ravalli attended to the spiritual wants of the Flathead Indians. That great and good man, Father Ravalli, has passed away; but Father D'Astie still survives, and today is at his post at St. Ignatius mission, ministering to the wants and guiding the remnant of that once great tribe of Flatheads, as well as the Kootenais and Pend d'Oreilles, in the ways of religion, civilization and morality. How beautiful is the faith which produces those valorous missionaries! Armed with the sole standard of the cross, with no other compass than obedience, they run fearlessly to their goal, which is the attainment of God's great glory by the salvation of souls. They wait but for the opportunity of saving souls, to fly to unexplored countries, to ever-growing danger of death. Strangers to the wealth, the honors, the pleasures of this world, disinterested in all their undertakings, they take no other consolation amid infuriated waves, in frightful solitudes, in the primeval forest, than that of passing through them to do good.

The Advanced Ideas In Which Explorer Clarke Found the Flatheads.

The new state of Montana, as well as the United States government, should not forget that they owe a debt of gratitude to the Flathead Indians for the friendly welcome extended to the early explorers and pioneers of this country, which is attested to by Lewis and Clarke in their official reports to President Jefferson and published so widely both in America and Europe. Captains Clarke and Lewis, with their followers, as before mentioned, were the first white men the Fathead Indians ever beheld. At the date of this writing, May 1890, there still lives at St. Ignatius mission, on the Flathead reservation, an old Indian woman named Ochanee, who distinctly remembers, and relates in the Indian language the advent of those two great captains, with their followers, into the Flathead camp in the Bitter Root valley, and the great astonishment it created among the Indians. The explorers crossed over the Big Hole mountains and arrived at the Flathead camp in the Bitter Root valley in the year 1804. Ochanee claims to have been about 13 years of age at that date. She is a lively old woman, and still has all of her mental faculties, and can describe camps, scenes and events which are vividly portrayed in the published reports of Lewis and Clarke descriptive of the

FLATHEAD AND NEZ PERCES INDIANS,

who were then hunting and camping together. During the stay of the explorers in the Flathead camp Captain Clarke took unto himself a Flathead woman. One son was the result of this union, and he was baptised

after the missionaries came to Bitter Root valley and named Peteter Clarke. This half-breed lived to a ripe age, and was well known to many of Montana's early settlers. He died about six years ago and left a son, who was christened at St. Mary's mission to the name of Zachariah, and pronounced Sacalee by the Indians. The latter has a son three years of age, whom it is claimed by the Indians, indirect decent, to be the great grandson of the renowned Captain Clarke.

Explorations from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean, page 308, Lieutenant Mullan, of the United States army, so widely known in Montana, and after whom the name is given to the Mullan tunnel, near Helena on the Northern Pacific railroad, sent with Governor Stevens to explore the Bitter Root valley, rendered the following

TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION

to the Flatheads. The lines are drawn from the report published at the time by order of the government. Captain Mullen is now a resident of Washington, D. C., but occasionally comes to Montana to renew old acquaintanceship among the Indians he describes, and pioneers of his expedition, who settled in Montana; notably among the latter is Baron O'Keefe, David O'Keefe, and Ben Welch, of Missoula county. The report says: "When I arrived at the camp with my guide, three or four men came out to meet us, and we were invited to enter the lodge of the great chief. With much eagerness they took care of our horses, unsaddled them and led them to drink. As soon as the camp had been informed of the arrival of a white man among them all the principal men of the tribe collected at the lodge of the chief.

"All being assembled, at a signal given by the chief,

THEY PRAYED ALOUD.

I was struck with astonishment, for I had not the least expectation of such conduct on their part. The whole assembly knelt in the most solemn manner, and with the greatest reverence, they adored the Lord. I asked myself: Am I among Indians? Am I among people whom all the world call savages? I could scarcely believe my eyes. The thought that these men were penetrated with religious sentiments, so profound and beautiful overwhelmed me with amazement.

"I could never say enough of those noble and generous hearts among whom I found myself. They were pious and firm, men of confidence, full of probity, and penetrated at the same time with a lively and religious faith, to which they remain constant. They never partake a repast without imploring the blessing of heaven. In the morning when rising, and at night when retiring, they offer their prayers to Almighty God. The tribe of the Flatheads among the Indians is the subject of their highest esteem,and all that I witnessed myself justifies this advantageous opinion."

Here is another testimony from the Hon. Isaac J. Stephens, ex-governor of Washington territory, who made the Flathead treaty in 1855, at Grass Valley, a few miles below the city of Missoula, and

WHO WAS AFTERWARDS KILLED

in sight of the city of Washington fighting bravely for the union. Giving orders to Lieutenant Mullan, he says:

"Tell those good Flatheads that the words of Father De Smet, in their behalf, have been received by their great father

the president of the United States, and that all good people are devoted to them. I would like to rebuild St. Mary's. Let them know I am attached to them, and ready to aid their old benefactors in their well being. This would be most pleasing to me."

Governor Stevens also wrote to the Indian agent then in charge: "You are already aware of the character of the Flatheads. They are the best Indians of the mountains and plains—honest, brave, and docile; they only need encouragement to become good citizens—they are christians, and we are assured that they live up to the christian code."

This message is from the report to the president in 1854, and from the pen of that gifted soldier and statesman, who afterward made the Flathead treaty, and as stated before died for the preservation of the union.

THE ELECTION OF CHIEF VICTOR.

The chief who preceded the great Victor, father of the present chief Charlot, had the euphonious Indian name, Etsowish Semmegee-itahin, "The Grizzly Bear Erect," but was baptized Loyolo, by Father DeSmet. This chieftain died, on the 6th of April, 1854, and was lamented by the Indians with tokens of sincere grief. As the departed chief, contrary, so Indian custom, had not designated his successor, a new chief was to be chosen after his death. The election ended in an almost unanimous voice for Victor, a brave hunter, remarkable for the generosity of his disposition. The inauguration took place amid great feasting and rejoicing. All the warriors, in their gala costumes, marched to his wigwam, and ranging themselves around it, discharged their muskets, after which

each one went up to him to pledge his affection to a hearty shaking of hands. During the whole day numerous parties came to express to the missionaries how much satisfaction they felt at having a chief whose goodness had long since won their hearts. Victor alone seemed sad. He dreaded the responsibility of the chieftainship, and thought he should be unable to maintain the good effected in his tribe by his predecessor.

TO BE A GOOD HUNTER

and a good warrior are the two qualities par excellence that constitute a great man among the tribes. As both qualifications were combined in the new chief, Victor, perhaps a description of the manner of conducting an Indian hunt in old days may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Father DeSmet says the chase absorbs the whole attention of the Indian. The knowledge that he has acquired by long experience of the nature and instincts of animals, is truly marvelous. He is occupied with it from earliest infancy. As soon as a child is capable of managing a little bow, it is the first instrument his father puts into his hands to teach him how to hunt little birds and small animals. The young Indians are initiated in all their stratagems. They are taught with as much care how to approach and kill the animals as in civilized society a youth is instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic.

An expert Indian hunter is acquainted with the habits and instincts of all the quadrupeds which form the object of the chase. He knows their favorite haunts. It is essential for him to distinguish what kind of food an animal first seeks, and the most

favorable moment of quitting his lair for procuring nourishment. The hunter must be

FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE PRECAUTIONS

that are necessary to elude the attentive ear and watchful instincts of his intended victims; he must appreciate the footstep that has passed him, the time that has elapsed since it passed, and the direction it has pursued. The atmosphere, the winds, rain, snow, ice, forests and water are the books which the Indian reads, consults and examines on leaving his hut in pursuit of game.

In those days the tribes found their subsistence in the chase; the flesh of animals afforded them food and the skins clothing. Before the arrival of the whites, the method of killing the different species of animals was very simple, consisting ordinarily of strategems and snares. They still have recourse to primitive method in the hunt for large animals, when they have no horses capable of pursuing them and guns for killing them are wanting. The trap prepared for the buffalo was an enclosure, or pen, and is one of the more early ways and perhaps the most remarkable for its execution; it demands skill, and gives a good idea of the sagacity, activity and boldness of the Indian. As on all other occasions of moment, the jugglers were consulted and the hunt was preceded by a great variety of superstitious practices. Father De Smet described one of these hunts

NEAR THE JUDITH BASIN.

The buffalo roamed the plains in bands of several hundreds, and often several thousands. He states that in his travels he had seen with his own eyes, as far as he could

discern on these immense plains, thousands and thousands of these noble animals, moving slowly, like an interminable troop, in one direction, and browsing the grass as they progressed. They had a fearful appearance; their hairy heads inspired with terror those who were ignorant of the pacific habits of this noble quadruped. When alarmed, the tramp of their hoofs, their bellowings, and the columns of dust which they raise, resemble the deep murmurs of a tempest mingled with peals of thunder, lessening as they grow more remote.

A Description of a Buffalo Hunt By the Flathead Indians.

A tribe that had few guns, few horses to run down the animals which needs pursuing, and skins for clothing, were compelled to employ the old or primitive method of hunting, which existed from time immemorial. The Indians described as engaged in this hunt were encamped in a suitable place for the construction of a park or enclosure. The camp described contained about three hundred lodges, which represented 2,000 or 3,000 souls. They had selected the base of a chain of hills whose gentle slope presented a narrow valley and a prairie, in which all the lodges were ranged. Opposite the hills there was a fine large prairie.

After the construction of the lodges a great council is held, at which all the chiefs and all the hunters assist. They first choose a band of warriors to prevent the hunters from leaving the camp, either alone or in detached companies, lest the buffalo be disturbed, and thus be driven away from the encampment. The law against this was extremely severe, not only all the Indians of the camp must conform to it, but it reaches to all travelers even when they are ignorant of the encampment or do not know there is a hunt in contemplation. Should they frighten the animals they are all punishable; nowever, those of the camp are more rigorously chastised in case they transgress the regulation. Their guns, their bows and arrows are broken, their lodges cut in pieces, their dogs killed, all their provisions and their hides are taken from them. If they are bold enough to resist the penalty

they are beaten with bows, sticks and clubs. Any one who should set fire to the prairie by accident or imprudence, or in in any way frighten off the herd would be sure to be well beaten.

As soon as the law is promulgated, the construction of the pen is commenced. Everybody labors at it with cheerful ardor, for it is an affair of common interest on which the subsistence of the entire tribe during several months will depend. The pen has an area of about an acre. To enclose it in a circular form stakes are firmly fixed in the ground and the distance between them filled with logs, dry boughs, masses of stone—in short with what even they can find that will answer the purpose. The circular palisade has but one opening; before this opening is a slope embracing fifteen or twenty feet between the hills. This inclined plain grows wider as it diverges from the circle; at its two sides they continue the fence to a long distance on the plain. As soon as these preparations are completed, the Indians elect a grandmaster of ceremonies and of the pen. He is generally an old man, a distinguished personage belonging to the Wah-Kon, or medicine band, and famous in the art of jugglery, which the Indians of those days deemed a supernatural science. His office is to decide the moment for driving the buffalo into the enclosure and give the signal for the commencement of the hunt. He plants the medicine mast in the center of the park, and attached to it the three charms which are to allure the animals in that direction, viz: a streamer of scarlet cloth two or three yards long, a piece of tobacco and a buffalo's horn. Every

morning at the early dawn he beats his drum, intones his hymns of conjuration, consults his own Wah-Kon and the manitou's or guiding spirits of the buffalos, in order to discover the favorable moment for the chase. The grand-master has four runners at his disposal who go out daily and report to him the true result of their observations; they tell at what distance from the camp the animals are, their probable number, and in what direction the herd is marching. These runners frequently go forty or fifty miles in different directions. In all their courses they take with them a wak-kon ball, which is intrusted to them by the grand master. It is made of hair covered with skin. When the mourners think that the suitable moment has arrived they immediately dispatch a man of their number to the grand master with the ball and the good news. So long as the mysterious ball is absent the master of ceremonies cannot take food; he prolongs his vigorous fast by abstaining from every meat or dish that does not come from some animal killed on the area of the park, until the hunt is over; and as they often remain a month or more awaiting the most favorable moment of beginning, the grand master must find himself reduced to very small rations, unless he makes some arrangement with his conscience. It is probable that he eats stealthily at night, for he has no more appearance of fasting than his brethren of the camp.

Let us now suppose all to be in readiness, and the circumstances all favorable to the hunt. The grand master of the camp beats his drum to announce that the buffalo are in numerous herds at about fifteen or twenty miles distance. The wind is favorable, and

comes directly from the point in which the animals are. Immediately all the horsemen mount their ponies; the footmen armed with bows, guns and lances, take their positions, forming two long, oblique diverging rows from the extremity of the two barriers which spring from the entrance of the pen and extend into the plain, and thus folding the lines of the enclosure. When the footmen are placed at distances of ten or fifteen feet, the horsemen continue the same lines, which separate in proportion as they extend, so that the last hunter on horseback is found at about two or three miles distance from the pen and at very nearly the same distance from the last hunter of the other line in an opposite direction. When men are wanting, women and even children, occupy stations. After the formation of these two immense lines, one single Indian, unarmed, is sent on the best horse in the camp in the direction of the buffaloes to meet them. He approaches against the wind and with the greatest precaution. At the distance of about one hundred paces he envelopes himself in a buffalo hide, the fur turned outside, and also envelopes his horse as much as possible in the same manner, and then makes a plaintive cry in imitation of that of a buffalo calf. As if by enchantment, this cry attracts the attention of the whole herd. After some seconds several thousands of these quadrupeds, hearing the pitiful plaint, turn towards the pretended calf. At first they move slowly, then advance into a trot, and at last they push forward in full gallop. The horseman continually repeats the cry of the calf, and takes his course towards the pen, ever attentive to keep at the same dis-

tance from the animals that are following him. By this stratagem he leads the vast herd of buffalo through the whole distance that separate him from his companions, who are on the qui vive, full of ardor and impatience to share with him in his sport.

When the buffaloes arrive in the space between the extremities of the two lines, the scene changes. The hunters on horseback giving rein to their stock rejoin each other behind the animals. At once the scent of the hunters is communicated among the frightened and routed animals which attempt to escape in every direction. Then those on foot appear. The buffalo, finding themselves surrounded and enclosed on all sides, accept the single opening into the circular opening before them, low and bellow in the most frightful manner and plunge into it with the speed and fear of desperation. The lines of hunters close in gradually, and space becomes less necessary as the mass of buffalo and groups of hunters become more and more compact. Then the Indians commence firing their guns, drawing their arrows and flinging their lances. Many animals fall under the blows before gaining the pen; the greater number, however enter. They discover only to late the snare that has been laid for them. Those in front try to return, but the terrified crowd that follow force them to go forward, and they cast themselves in confusion into the enclosure amid the hurrahs and joyful shouts of the whole tribe, intermingled with the firing of guns. As soon as all are penned the buffalo are killed with arrows, lances and knives. Men, women and children, in an excitement of joy, take part in general butchery and the flaying and cutting

up of the animals. To look at them without disgust in this operation, one must have been a little habituated to their customs and manners. While men cut and slash the flesh, the women, and children in particular, devour the meat still warm with life—the livers, kidneys, brains, etc., seem irresistible attractions. They smear their faces, hair, arms and legs with the blood of the buffalo. Confused cries, clamerous shouts, and here and there quarrels fill up the scene. It is a picturesque and savage scene—a very pandemonium—a sight very difficult to despict by words or to recount in minute details. In the hunt described, and at which Father DeTruit was present, six hundred buffalo were killed. After the butchery the skins and flesh are separated into piles, and these piles are divided among the families in proportion of the number of which they are composed. The meat is afterwards cut in slices and dried; the bones are bruised and their grease extracted. The dogs also receive their portion of the feast and devour the remainder in the arena of the pen. Two days after the hunt not a vestige of the carnage remained. Before separating the Indians pass several days in dancing and mirth.

The Treaty Which Chief Charlot Swears He Never Signed.

On the 11th day of September, 1883, there arrived at the Flathead agency United States Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, and Major Martin Maginnis, territorial representative from Montana, being the sub-committee of the special committee of the United States senate appointed to visit the Indian tribes in northern Montana. The committee were accompanied by Schuyler Crosby, governor of Montana, and were met at Arlee, the railway station, by the United States Indian agent and several hundred Indians. I quote from the official report of said committee:

The scene at the station as we left the train was very picturesque and interesting. Some five hundred Chinamen, lately engaged in the construction of the Northern Pacific railroad, were encamped near the station, and their sallow countenances exhibited unmistakable evidences of apprehension as the Indians extended us a welcome in one of their characteristic dances, accompanied by a good deal of noise and much reckless riding on their ponies around the Chinese camp. Surrounded by this wild but hospitable escort, we proceeded to the agency, and upon the following day met the Indians in council, the tribes on the reservation being represented by Michel, head chief of the Pen d' Orcilles; Arlee, second chief of Flatheads, and Eneas, head chief of the Kootenais."

A full account of the proceedings of said council will be found in the official report of Senator H. L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, chairman of the special commit-

tee of the senate of the United States to inquire into the condition of Sioux Indians on their reservation, and also to inquire into the grievances of the Indians in Montana territory. As this chapter is only intended to present the status of Charlot's band of Bitter Root Flathead Indians, I shall only touch upon that subject.

After holding council with the confederated tribes of Indians on the Flathead reservation, the sub committee proceeded from the reservation to hold a council with Charlot, head and heriditary chief of the Flatheads, and arrived at Stevensville, in the Bitter Root valley, on September 10, 1883. The official report says: On the morning after our arrival we visited St. Mary's mission in the suburbs of Stevensville, and learned much about the condition of Charlot and his band from the Jesuit fathers. Father Ravalli who has been among them for fifty three years, has been partially paralyzed for more than five years and unable to leave his bed, but his intellect is vigorous and his cheerfulness most astonishing. Lying in his little room with his crucifix and books, he prescribes for the sick, and even performs difficult surgical operations, for he is a most accomplished physician and surgeon. This remarkable man was the trusted friend and companion of Father DeSmet, and he is probably better acquainted with the different Indian tribes of the west, their language, habits and superstitions than any one living man."

This great and good man has gone to his reward since Senator Vest's report was written.

"After an interesting conversation with

Father Ravalli of two hours, the arrival of Charlot, head chief of the Flatheads, and five of his principal men, was announced, and an equal number of whites being present we entered upon an interview, which at times was very dramatic and even stormy.

Charlot is an Indian of fine appearance and impressed us a brave and honest man. That he has been badly treated is unquestionable, and the history of the negotiation which culminated in the division of his tribe, part of them under Arlee, the second chief, being now on the Jocko reservation, and part still in the Bitter Root valley with Charlot, is, to say the least, remarkable.

In report of the commissioner of Indian affairs for the year 1872, pages 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116 and 117, will be found this history, and in exhibit B, herewith filed, will be found a communication from Major Ronan to the commissioner of Indian affairs, in which the main facts are clearly stated.

In 1855 a treaty was made between the United States, represented by Governor Stevens and Victor, chief of the Flatheads and father of Charlot, known as the Hell Gate treaty. By this treaty a very large territory, extending from near the forty-second parallel to the British line, and with an average breadth of nearly two degrees of latitude, was ceded to the government; and on yielding it, Victor insisted upon holding the Bitter Root valley above the Lo Lo Fork, as a special reservation for the Flathead people.

By the 9th and 11th articles of the treaty, the president was empowered to determine whether the Flatheads should remain in the Bitter Root valley or go to the Jocko reser-

vation, and the president was required to have the Bitter Root valley surveyed and examined in order to determine this question.

Up to the time of General Garfield's visit in 1872, seventeen years afterwards, no survey was made as the Indians claim, nor were any schoolmasters, blacksmiths, carpenters or farmers sent to the tribe, as provided for in the treaty.

In the meantime the Bitter Root valley, by far the most beautiful and productive in Montana, was being filled up by the whites, and on November 14, 1871, the president issued an order declaring that the Indians should be removed to the Jocko reservation, and on June 5, 1872, congress passed a bill appropriating $50,000 to pay the expense of this removal, and to pay the Indians for the loss of their improvements in the Bitter Root valley.

This order the Indians refused to obey, and serious apprehensions of trouble between them and the white settlers caused the appointment by the secretary of the interior of General Garfield as special commissioner to visit the Flatheads and secure, if possible, their peaceful removal to the Jocko reservation.

General Garfield states in his report that he found the Indians opposed to leaving the Bitter Root valley, for the reason that the government had for seventeen years failed to carry out the treaty of 1855, and that no steps had been taken towards surveying and examining the Bitter Root valley, as provided in the treaty. On August 27, 1872, he drew up an agreement which reads as follows:

FLATHEAD RESERVATION, August 27, 1872.—Articles of agreement made this 27th day of

August, 1872, between James A. Garfield, special commissioner, authorized by the secretary of the interior to carry into execution the provisions of the act approved June 5, 1872, for the removal of the Flathead and other Indians from the Bitter Root valley, of the first part, and Charlot, first chief, Arlee, second chief, and Adolph, third chief of the Flatheads, of the second part, witnesseth:

Whereas, it was provided in the eleventh article of the treaty concluded at Hell Gate, July 15, 1855, and approved by the senate March 8, 1859, between the United States and the Flatheads, Kootenai and Pend d'Oreille Indians that the president shall cause the Bitter Root valley above the Lo Lo Fork to be surveyed and examined, and if in his judgment it should be found better adapted to the wants of the Flathead tribe, as a reservation for said tribe, it should be so set aside and reserved; and whereas the president did, on the 14th day of November, 1871, issue his order setting forth that "the Bitter Root valley had been carefully surveyed and examined in accordance with said treaty," and did declare that "it is therefore ordered that all Indians residing in said Bitter Root valley, be removed as soon as practicable to the Jocko reservation, and that a just compensation be made for improvements made by them in the Bitter Root valley, and whereas, the act of congress above recited approved June 5, 1872, makes provisions for such compensation; therefore:

It is hereby agreed and covenanted by the parties to this instrument:

First. That the party of the first part shall cause to be erected sixty good and substantial houses, twelve feet by sixteen each,

if so large a number shall be needed for the accommodation of the tribe, three of said houses for the first, second and third chiefs of said tribe, to be of double the size mentioned above; said houses to be placed in such portion of the Jocko reservation, not already occupied by other Indians, as said chiefs may select.

Second. That the superintendent of Indian affairs for Montana territory shall cause to be delivered to said Indians 600 bushels of wheat, the same to be ground into flour without cost to said Indians and delivered to them in good condition during the first year after their removal together with such potatoes and other vegetables as can be spared from the agency farm.

Third. That said superintendent shall as soon as practicable, cause suitable portions of land to be enclosed and broken up for said Indians, and shall furnish them with sufficient number of agricultural implements for the cultivation of their grounds.

Fourth. That in carrying out the foregoing agreement as much as possible shall be done at the agency by the employes of the government; and none of such labor or materials, or provisions furnished from the agency, shall be charged as money.

Fifth. The whole of the $5,000 in money now in the hands of the said superintendent appropriated for the removal of said Indians, shall be paid to them in such forms as their chiefs shall determine, except such portion as is necessarily expended in carrying out the preceding provisions of this agreement.

Sixth. That there shall be paid to said tribe of Flathead Indians the sum of $50,000, as provided in the second section of the act

above recited, to be paid in ten annual installments, in such manner and material as the president may direct; and no part of the payments herein promised shall in no way affect or modify the full right of said Indians to the payments and annuities now and hereafter due them under existing treaties.

Seventh. It is understood and agreed that this contract shall in no way interfere with the rights of any member of the Flathead tribe to take land in the Bitter Root valley, under the third section of the act above cited.

Eighth. And the party of the second part hereby agree and promise that when the houses have been built as provided in the first clause of this agreement they will remove the Flathead tribe to said houses (except such as shall take land in the Bitter Root valley) in accordance with the third section of the act above cited, and will thereafter occupy the Jocko reservation as their permanent home. But nothing in this agreement shall deprive said Indians of their full right to hunt and fish in any Indian country where they are now entitled to hunt and fish under existing treaties. Nor shall anything in this agreement be so constructed as to deprive any of said Indians so removing to the Jocko reservation from selling all their improvements in the Bitter Root valley.

[Signed] JAMES A. GARFIELD,
Special commissioner for the removal of the Flatheads from the Bitter Root valley.

CHARLOT,
(His x mark)
First Chief of the Flatheads.

ARLEE,
(His x mark)
Second Chief of the Flatheads.

ADOLF,
(His x mark)
Third Chief of the Flatheads.

Witness to contract and signatures:
WM. H. CLAGETT,
D. G. SWAIN,
Judge Advocate U. S. army.
W. F. SANDERS,
J. A. VIAL,
B. F. POTTS,
Governor of Montana.

I certify that I interpreted fully and carefully the foregoing contract to the three chiefs of the Flatheads named above.

BAPTIST ROBWANEN,
(His x mark)
Interpreter.

Witness to signature:
B. F. POTTS,
Governor.

A History of the Treaty with Old Flathead Chief.

The United States sub-commissioner's report continues:

Charlot, although his name or mark is affixed to the published agreement, declares that he never signed it or authorized the signing, and the original agreement confirms his statements. He has refused to leave the Bitter Root valley, some 300 of the tribe remaining with him. Under the third section of the act of 1872, patents for 160 acres of land each were issued to fifty-one members of the tribe, and Major Ronan, then agent, tendered them these patents, but they refused, and still refuse to take them. In regard to, General Garfield says in his report:

A large number of heads of families and young men notified the superintendent that they had chosen to take up land in the valley under the third section. But it was evident that they did this in the hope that they might all remain in the valley and keep their tribe together as heretofore, believing that each could take up 160 acres.

The publication of the Garfield agreement with Charlot's signature or mark affixed to it created the impression that all trouble was over with the Indians, and a large white emmigration poured into the Bitter Root valley. The result is that the Indians who adhered to Charlot are yet in the valley, miserably poor, with one or two exceptions, surrounded by whites who are anxious for their removal, and the young men, with no restraint upon them, lounging around the saloons in Stevensville and utterly worthless. As the case now stands

AGENT'S RESIDENCE

these Indians have no title to any portion of the Bitter Root valley, as they refuse to take the patents and are defying the order of the president for their removal to the Jocko reservation.

Charlot told us that he would never go to the Jocko reservation alive; that he had no confidence in our promise, "for," said he, "your Great Father Garfield put my name to a paper which I never signed, and the renegade Nez Perce, Arlee, is now drawing money to which he has no right. How can I believe you or any white man?"

Continues the report: We are compelled to admit that there was much truth and justice in his statement. That his name was falsely published as signed to the Garfield agreement is unfortunately true, as shown by the original.

General Garfield in his report, page 111, says:

The provisions of the contract were determined after full consultation with the superintendent and the territorial delegate, and finally the chiefs were requested to answer by signing or refusing to sign it. Arlee and Adolph, the second and third chiefs, signed the contracts and said they would do all they could to enforce it; but Charlot refused to sign, and said that if the president commanded it he would leave the Bitter Root valley, but at present would not promise to go to the reservation. The other chiefs expressed the opinion that if houses were built and preparations made according to the contract, Charlot would finally consent to the arrangement and go with the tribe. In a letter to J. A. Vial, superintendent of Indian affairs, bearing the same date with the contract and to be found on page

115 of the report of the commissioner of Indian affairs for 1872, General Garfield says:

In carrying out the terms of the contract made with the chiefs of the Flatheads for removing that tribe to this reservation (Jocko) I have concluded, after full consultation with you, to proceed with the work in the same manner as though Charlot, first chief, had signed the contract. I do this in the belief that when he sees the work going forward he will conclude to come here with the other chiefs and then keep the tribe unbroken.

The report of Senator Vest and Delegate Maginnis further says: It is unfortunate that General Garfield came to this conclusion, and it is still more unfortunate that the published agreement as shown by the report of the commissioner of Indian affairs has the signature of Charlot affixed to it, whilst, as stated, the original agreement on file in the department of the interior does not show the signature of Charlot, but confirms this statement that he did not sign it. The result of this publication has been to imbitter Charlot and render him suspicious and distrustful of the government and its agents. Many interested parties believed or pretended to believe, that the agreement as published is correct, and that Charlot really signed it, and they have repeated the statement until he and his band are exasperated at what they consider an attempt to rob them of their land by falsehood and fraud.

The great cause of Charlot's bitterness, however, is the fact that Arlee, second chief, is recognized by the government as the head of the tribe, and has received all its bounty.

MICHEL REVAIS, OFFICIAL INTERPRETER
FLATHEAD AGENCY

This is such an insult as no chief can forgive and it must be remembered that Charlot is the son of Victor and the heriditory chief of his tribe. Looking at all the circumstances, the removal of part of his tribe without his consent, the ignoring his rights as head chief, and setting him aside for Arlee, the publication of his name to an agreement which he refused to sign, we cannot blame him for distrust and resentment. In this the outrage is the greater for the reason that Charlot and his people have been the steady, unflinching friends of the whites under the most trying circumstances. When Joseph, the Nez Perce chief, came into the Bitter Root valley on his raid into Montana, Charlot refused to accept his proffered hand, because the blood of the white man was upon it; and he told Joseph that although the Flatheads and Nez Perces were of kin, if he killed a single white in the valley or injured the property of the white settlers the Flatheads would attack him. To the action of Charlot the white settlers owed their safety, and at our conference an old warrior was pointed out (now blind and feeble), by one of the Jesuites, who had drawn his revolver and protected the wife of the blacksmith at Stevensville from outrage at the hands of the Nez Perces.

After exhausting argument and persuasion we told Charlot very firmly that he and his people must either take patents or go to the Jocko reservation, that we knew he had been the friend of the whites and had been badly treated, but that the white settlers were all now around him and his people were becoming poorer every day, whilst his young men were drinking and gambling.

His only reply was that he would never be taken alive to the Jocko reservation, and we finally left him with the understanding that he would come to Washington and talk the matter over with the great father.

The Chief Went to Washington and Talked Matters Over.

I am glad to learn that the interior department has ordered Charlot and some of his tribe to be sent to Washington, and it is to be hoped that some agreement or arrangement can be had which will obviate the necessity for using force against these brave and unfortunate people. In any event, deeply as we sympathize with these people, and deplore the manner in which Charlot has been treated, we are satisfied with the welfare of both the whites and Indians in the Bitter Root valley absolutely demands the removal of the latter to the Jocko reservation. Their presence in the valley is a continued source of danger and disgust. The titles to the lands are unsettled and improvement is stopped by reason of the uncertainty existing in regard to the ultimate decision of the questions growing out of the present state of affairs. The Bitter Root valley is no place for them. Their condition is becoming more desperate every year and the few who have accumulated property are daily becoming poorer from their established usuage of never refusing to feed those who are hungry. If the necessity should at last come for removing them by force it should be done firmly but gently, and as Charlot and his band have received nothing out of the $50,000 paid to Arlee and those went with him, congress should ap-

MAJOR RONAN, CHIEF CHARLOT, AND INDIAN DELEGATION,
VISIT WASHINGTON IN 1884.

propriate such an amount as will provide them on the reservation with houses, grain and cattle, as stipulated in the treaty of 1855 and the Garfield agreement.

CHARLOT'S TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

On the 16th day of January, 1884, the United States agent for the confederated tribes of Indians living upon the Flathead or Jocko reservation, in accordance with instructions of the honorable commissioner of Indian affairs, took his departure from Missoula, Montana Territory, for the city of Washington, accompanied by the following named delegation of Charlot's band of Bitter Root Flathead Indians:

1. Head Chief Charlot—Slem-Hak-Kah. "Little claw of a grizzly bear."

2. Antoine Moise — Callup-Squal-She. "Crain with a ring around his neck."

3. Louis—Licoot-Sim-Hay. "Grizzly bear far away."

4. John Hill—Ta-hetchet. "Hand Shot Off."

5. Abel or Tom Adams—Swam-Ach-ham. "Red Arm."

And the official interpreter, Michel Ravais, whose Indian name is Chim-Coo-Swee. "The Man Who Walks Alone."

The object of ordering the Indians to Washington was in accordance with the recommendations of Senator Vest and Major Martin Maginnis, the sub-committee of the United States senate committee, and was to try to secure Charlot's consent to remove with his band from the Bitter Root valley, and to settle upon the Jocko reservation. Nearly a month was spent at the national capital, and during that time several interviews were held by the Indians and the

agent with the secretary of the interior, Hon. H. M. Telier, but no offer of pecuniary reward or persuasions of the secretary could shake Charlot's resolution to remain in the Bitter Root valley. An offer to build him a house, fence in and plow a sufficiency of land for a farm, give him cattle and horses, and seed and agricultural implements, and to do likewise for each head of a family belonging to his band. Also a yearly pension of $500 to Charlot, and to be recognized as the heir of Victor, his deceased father, and to take his place as the head chief of the confederated tribes of the Flatheads, Pend d' Oreilles and Kootenai Indians living on the Jocko reservation, had no effect. His only answer to those generous offers was that he came to Washington to get the permission of the Great Father to allow him to live unmolested in the Bitter Root valley, the home of his father and the land of his ancestors. He asked for no assistance from the government, only the poor privilege of remaining in the valley where he was born and where the dust of his tribe who lived before him was mingled with the earth. If any of his tribe desired to accept the bounty of the government and remove to the Jocko reservation they were at liberty to do so, and he would offer no objection; but it was his own and individual wish to live and die in the Bitter Root valley.

At the last interview held with the secretary of the interior Charlot was told if he desired to live in the Bitter Root valley, he could do so as long as he remained in peace and friendship with the white settlers. No promise of assistance was given the chief or his band by the secretary so long as they re-

mained in the Bitter Root valley. After an interview with President Arthur, arrangements were made for departure to Montana, without having accomplished anything whatever looking to the removal of the chief and his band to the Jocko reservation.

Before departure from the capital, the secretary of the interior held a special interview with the agent, none of the Indians being present, and after patiently listening to his recital of the extreme poverty of Chief Charlot and his band, who received no aid or assistance from the government, the secretary gave the agent verbal instructions to proceed to the Bitter Root valley, as soon as practicable after his return to the Jocko reservation, and report to him through the commissioner of Indian affairs the wants and necessities of this unfortunate tribe; and also to give his views in detail as to the most practicable method for the department to relieve their wants, which should have consideration, and also to encourage them to remove to the Jocko reservation.

On the evening of the 7th of March, 1884, the agent arrived in Missoula, Montana, from Washington with the Flathead Indian delegation, where he procured wagon transportation and sent them to their homes in Bitter Root valley. The members of the Flathead tribe were in the mountains hunting for game with which to support their families, as they had no other resource for food in the winter season. The agent sent out runners to call them in, so that he could proceed according to verbal instructions given to him by the secretary of the interior, on the 1st day of March, 1884, at his office in the interior department at Wash-

ington, which was in effect, to go to the Bitter Root valley and report as to their necessities and wants and to their affairs generally. Previously the agent had but very little intercourse officially with Charlot's band of Indians, but from conversation with the secretary of the interior he became convinced that his relations with them afterward would become of a closer character.

From consultations and councils with the Indians after his return the agent was led to believe that the greater portion of Charlot's band would consent to remove to the Jocko reservation, if he would promise that the government would assist in building a house for each family, fence for each a field and furnish seed for the first year or two; give a wagon, harness and plow, with other agricultural tools, and also furnish at least two cows for each family, besides permitting those who had land improvements in Bitter Root valley to sell the same.

A COUNCIL WAS HELD

and twenty-one families agreed to remove, and to them, following the views of the honorable secretary of the interior, the agent promised:

First—A choice of 160 acres of unoccupied land on the Jocko reservation.

Second—Assistance in the erection of a substantial house.

Third—Assistance in fencing and breaking up a field of at least ten acres.

Fourth—The following gifts: Two cows to each family, a wagon and harness, a plow, with all other necessary agricultural implements, seed for the first year and provisions until the first year was harvested. This was a moderate promise, and the In-

dian department fulfilled it to the letter, and also authorized the construction of an irrigation ditch to cover the lands settled upon by the Flatheads. The government still generously assists these people to uphold their hands in striving for a civilizen independence and a sustained well doing.

The greater portion of families who removed under this arrangement held patents to lands in the Bitter Root valley, but left their farms for new homes, trusting to the government to make proper disposition of the same at some future time for their benefit.

On the 12th of August, 1884, the agent made a thorough census, and found that this once great tribe, under the chieftainship of Charlot, in the Bitter Root valley, consisted of the following numbers:

Married men	79
Unmarried males over 16 years	25
Boys under 16 years	68
Total number of males	172
Married women	100
Marriageable girls	4
Girls under age pueberty	61
Total number of females	165

In all 342 individuals, of whom 101 were heads of families, who were then married or had been so.

In January, 1885, the agent issued supplies to Charlot's band in the Bitter Root valley, this being the first distribution of any kind made among them by the government since the Garfield agreement and for years before that agreement was drawn up. Wagons, plows, harness and agricultural implements were also issued by the agent and it was hoped that by devotion to agricultural pursuits that an area of prosperity

and civilization would dawn upon this remnant of a once great and powerful tribe.

Sketches of Big Canoe, Adolph and Arlee, of Montana Indian Fame.

Big Canoe, who was war chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, died in 1882, at the Flathead agency, and was buried in the Indian burying ground at Fort Ignatius mission. He was 83 years of age at the time of his death, and was considered by the Indians to be one of the greatest war chiefs the tribe of the Pend d' Oreilles ever had. The stories of battles led by him against Indian foes would fill a volume. As this aged warrior was well known to the old settlers of Missoula county, I feel tempted to give one of his stories, which was related to the writer in front of a blazing camp fire some years before his death, and which was noted down almost word for word as repeated from his lips by the interpreter.

STORY OF BIG CANOE.

Many snows ago, when I was a boy, and while Joseph or "Celp-Stop" (Crazy Country) was head chief of the Pend d' Oreilles, I was one of a large hunting and war party who left the place where the white men call Missoula, for the purpose of killing buffalo and stealing horses in our enemies' country. We (the Flatheads and Pen d'Oreilles) were at war with the Blackfeet, the Crows the Sioux, the Snakes and the Gros Ventres. The Nez Percies were our allies and friends and assisted us to fight those tribes.

While encamped in the Crow country Big Smoke, one of the bravest war chiefs of the Pen d'Oreilles, discovered Crow signs,

CHIEF ARLEE AND FAMILY

and taking a party of his braves with him, followed upon the trail. The Crow camp was soon discovered, and, as Big Smoke started out more to get horses than to secure scalps, informed his warriors that he did not intend to attack the small party of Crows, who were now at his mercy, as the Pen d'Oreilles and Flatheads had crept upon their camp undiscovered, and the Crows were resting in fancied security, their horses grazing upon the pleasant slopes unguarded, while the old warriors lolled about the camp smoking their pipes, and the young men were engaged in the wild sports and rude game practiced among the tribe.

The announcement that we were not to have a fight was received with great marks of disfavor by our braves, and, as I was a young man and had not as yet taken my first scalp, I could not restrain myself, but cried like a woman. Big Smoke was known to be the bravest man in the tribe and no one of us dared impute his action to cowardise, and we therefore acquiesced in his plans, and when night came silently and cautiously we ran off the whole band of Crow horses and left our enemies on foot. We soon found our main encampment and the horses were divided up. One particular fine black horse was given to our head chief. The day after our return the chief announced to us that our powder and lead was nearly exhausted, and as there was no way of procuring any without going to the Crow trading post, asked if there was any of his warriors brave enough to undertake the feat.

Alexander, or Tem-Keth-tasme, which means No Horse, who afterwards suc-

ceeded Joseph as chief, and who was then a young warrior and burning to distinguish himself, immediately volunteered, and disguising himself as a Crow, after darkness came on, set out on his perilous journey. Arriving at the Crow stockade, he was immediately admitted by the trader, and was at once discovered to be a Pend d'Oreille by a Crow who was lounging about the post. Word was sent to the Crow camp that an enemy was in the stockade, and soon a loud demand was heard at the gate for admittance. The gate was opened and a single Indian was admitted. He was a tall, noble-looking fellow, dressed in the full war costume of a Crow brave. Halting immediately in front of Alexander, he reached out his hand and cordially grasped the hand of the Pend d'Oreille. "Canoe man, you are brave. You have come among your enemies to purchase powder and lead. You are dead but still you live. I am Red Owl. Your warriors stole into my camp; they took my horses; they were strong, but stole upon us while we were unaware and spared the lives of my band. Canoe-man on that night I lost my war horse—a black horse with two holes bored in his ears. He was my fathers gift to me. Is there such a horse in your camp? Alexander replied that such a horse was given to his chief by Big Smoke after the capture. "Red Owl will go back with you into his enemies camp," and striding out of the stockade he harangued, and then picking out twenty of his braves desired them to accompany him. Alexander was then allowed to make his purchases and on the next morning accompanied by Red Owl

and twenty of his warriors set out for the Pend d'Oreille camp.

When arriving there the Indians were astonished to behold their trusted brave, Alexander, leading the Crow warriors armed to the teeth, up to the lodge of their chief, who was soon surrounded by his brave Pend d'Oreilles in such overwhelming numbers that there was no escape or even hope to escape for the Crows. Red Owl dismounted and asked Alexander which was his chief. The person being pointed out Red Owl addressed him: "Chief of the Canoe Indians, your braves captured a band of horses from my people. Among them was my war, and I love him, for he was the gift of my father. I desire the horse and have brought you as good to replace him." Our chief, who did not like to part with the horse, and who perfectly knew the advantage he possessed, bent his head in silence. Red Owl repeated his speech, but our chief gave no reply but stood in stolid silence. "Chief of the Pend d'Oreilles," exclaimed Red Owl, "twice have I spoken to you, and you gave me no answer. I repeat it again for the third time!" We were listesing to the conversation, continued Big Canoe, and as young as I was; I could not but admire the brave Crow; surrounded as he was with his followers by implacable enemies, only awaiting the signal to begin the slaughter. But the brave bearing of the Crow, and his indifferent manner won the respect of us all, and we could not help but admire him; and to such an extent did this feeling prevail that a murmur of applause went around when the Crow concluded his last sentence,

Straightening himself up to his full height, the Crow continued' turning to us: "Pen d'Oreilles, you have heard me address your chief; he gave me no answer; he buried his head low; he changed his color; this the subterfuge of a woman. Pend d'Oreilles, your chief is a woman; I give him my horse!" And mounting at the head of his band he rode from our camp and not one movement was made to stay his progress. So overwhelmed was our chief with confusion that he gave no orders, and Red Owl, with his followers, returned sate to his camp.

ADOLPH,

first war chief of the Flatheads, died at the agency in 1887, at the age of 78 years. He marshalled and led the young warriors when the council was held at the agency, represented on the part of the United States by Hon. Jos. K. McCammon, assistant attorney general of the interior department. The Northern Pacific Railroad company was represented, as attorney, by Hon. W. F. Sanders, now senator from Montana, while the Indian leaders and speakers in the council were Michel, chief of the Pend d'Oreilles; Eneas, chief of the Kootenais, and Arlee, chief of the reservation Flatheads. The council was held to negotiate with the Indians for the right of way for the Northern Pacific Railroad company. On occasions the scenes were wild and stormy, but the level headed McCommon carried out the views of the government to a wise, generous and honorable settlement, and the memory of Mr. McCammon is cherished by the old chiefs of the tribes who still survive.

Adolph was considered a great warrior

and led the Flatheads as war chief against their enemies, which constituted all of the tribes who hunted buffalo on the Atlantic slope, except the Nez Perces, who were the friends and allies of the Flatheads.

A battle with the Gros Ventres was fought some fifty years ago, about one mile west of O'Keefe's ranch, at the mouth of the canyon where the Northern Pacific crosses the great Marant tressle and sweeps from the east into the Jocko mountains. Chief Factor Kitson, of the Hudson Bay Fur company, who had his headquarters at Thompson Falls on the Pend d'Oreille river, came with a pack train of supplies from that post to trade with the Flathead Indians, who were encamped near the site of the present city of Missoula. Having made his trade and secured the furs Mr. Kitson started his pack train up the canyon to unload at the company's warehouse at Thompson Falls. Two South Sea Islanders in the employ of Chief Factor Kitson went ahead with the train, but as they gained the entrance to the canon were fired upon by an ambushed party of Gros Ventres, consisting of about 100 Indians. The two packers were slain, Mr. Kitson and others of his party were about a mile in the rear of the advance party or he and his companions would have shared the same fate Kitson turned back and informed the Flathead camp of the attack and the chiefs at once sounded the alarm. The warriors mounted their horses and headed by Adolph and Arlee made an advance on the camp of the hostiles. The Gros Ventres retreated across the hills and up Savallie creek, which is about seven miles west of Missoula. The Flatheads

killed and scalped about one half of their number before they made their escape. The canon leading from O'Keefe's ranch to the reservation was called Coviaca Defile, after one of the unfortunate South Sea islanders who was killed by the Gros Ventres.

ARLEE.

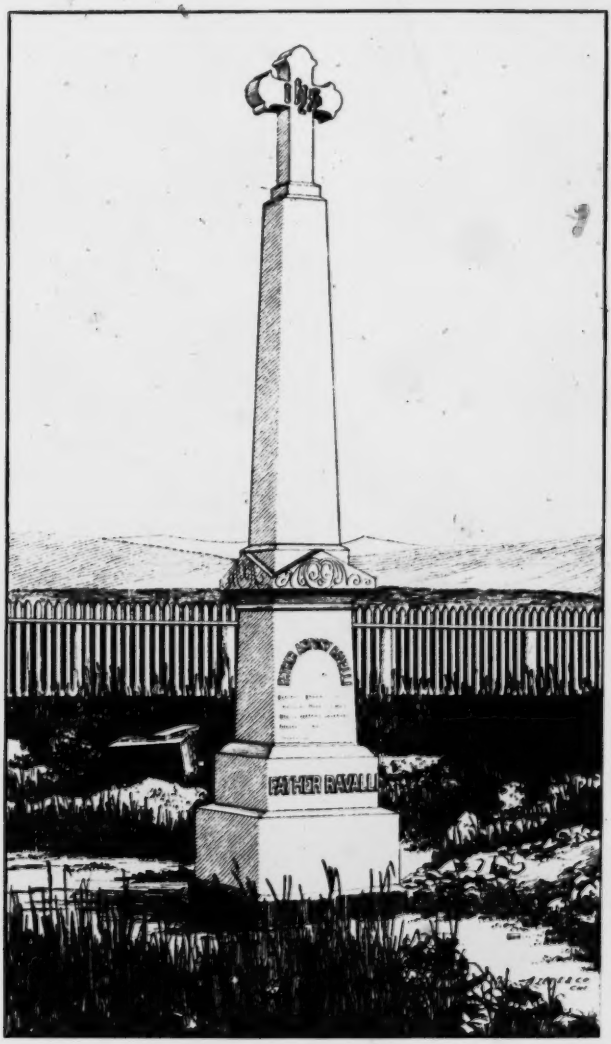
On Thursday, August 8, at 4:30 p. m., Arlee, the last war chief of the Flatheads, and of the confederated tribes, died at his ranch, near the Flathead agency, and the Northern Pacific railroad station, called after him. His deathbed was surrounded by his Indian relatives, head men of the tribes and friends. Major Ronan, United States Indian agent, Mrs. Ronan, Dr. Dade, the agency physician, and others connected with the agency staff were present. The Sunday before he died he was visited by Bishop Brondel, of Helena, and Rev. J. D'Aste, S. J., superior of St. Ignatius mission, and from the latter received the last sacraments of the Catholic church. Arlee was baptized in his youth in the Bitter Root valley by Father De Smet. He accepted the terms of General Garfield and removed to the Jocko reservation, and was made head chief of the reservation Flatheads by Mr. Garfield. Chief Charles never recognized Arlee afterwards; never spoke to him nor visited him up to the day of his death. Arlee was buried near the little church at the agency. He has gone to the happy hunting ground, and as he was the last of the war chiefs of his race and as an illustration of the preparation of the dead chieftain for the grave, a translation of Schiller's beautiful burial song is here given. The translation is believed to be by Bulwer:

ARLEE, LAST OF THE FLATHEAD WAR CHIEFS

BURIAL OF THE CHIEFTAIN.

See on his mat, as if of yore,
How lifelike sits he here;
With the same aspect that he wore
When life to him was dear.
But where the right arm's strength, and where
The breath he used to breathe
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,
The peace pipe's lusty wreath?
And where the hawk-like eye, alas!
That wont the deer pursue
Along the waves of rippling grass,
Or fields that shone with dew?
Are these the limber, bounding feet
That swept the winter snows?
What startled deer was half so fleet,
Their speed outstripped the roe's.
These hands that once the sturdy bow
Could supple from its pride,
How stark and helpless hang they now
Adown the stiffened side!
Yet weal to him! at peace he strays
Where never fall the snows,
Where o'er the meadow springs the maize
That mortal never sows;
Where birds are blithe in every brake,
Where forests teem with deer,
Where glide the fish through every lake,
One chase from year to year!
With spirits now he feasts above;
All left us, to revere
The deeds we cherish with our love,
The rest we bury here.
Here bring the last gifts; loud and shrill
Wail death dirge of the brave!
What pleased him most in life may still
Give pleasure in the grave.
We lay the axe beneath his head
He swung when strength was strong,
To bear on which his hunger fed—
The way from earth is long!
And here, new sharpened, place the knife
Which served from the clay,
From which the axe had spoiled the life,
The conquered scalp away.

The paints that deck the dead bestow,
Aye, place them in his hand,
That red the kingly shade may glow
Amid the spirit land.



MONTANA'S TRIBUTE TO FATHER RAVALLI

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
Major Peter Ronan.....Frontispiece	
Signal of Successful Flathead War Party	11
Indians who conducted Father DeSmet from St. Louis to Bitter Root Valley...	17
Father Ravalli.....	33
Millstone now in St Ignatius Mission Museum which ground first flour in Montana.....	35
St. Ignatius Mission Flathead Valley.....	39
Agent's Residence.....	62
Michael Revais, official, interpreter.....	64
Major Ronan, Chief Charlot and Indian delegation visit to Washington in 1884.	67
Chief Arlee and family.....	72
Arlee, last of the Flathead War Chiefs ..	78
Montana's tribute to Father Ravalli.....	81

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